Modern Baptist Heroes and Martyrs

J. N. PRESTRIDGE, D.D.

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Andrew P. Taylor

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First Row—Vince, Pavlienko, Datzcho, Homiac, Levuchkin, Rudienko.
Second Row—(C. T. Byford), Madame Pavloff, Pavloff, Kuchnireff, S. Stephanoff, Erstratenko, Balichin.
Third Row—Savelieff, Fetler, Golaieff (J. N. Prestridge), B. Stephanoff, Ivanoff, Kostromin.

(Frontispiece)

MODERN BAPTIST

Heroes and Martyrs

BY
J. N. PRESTRIDGE, D. D.
Author of "The Church a Composite Life"

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DEDICATED TO

"Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephtha,..David, Samuel"; Oncken, Pavloff, Stephanoff, Kostromin, Natalia, Ivanoff, Kornya, Westrop; to all those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxing mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens."

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FOREWORDS.

Humanity has always been powerfully moved by two forces, the gregarious or crowd-forming and the individualistic. The first force for centuries proved the more powerful, and the young and weak elements of humanity became crowded together. Such crowds afforded opportunities for the self-aggrandizement of the strong and base and cunning. In such relations the story of man's inhumanity to man is full of tears and blood. Slavery of body and mind and soul prevailed. Those members of the crowd who possessed organizing skill, political and financial cunning, herded the people and imprisoned, fleeced and slaughtered them as their greed and vanity dictated. Truly those were long and dark ages.

GOD'S FAVORITES.

But the other force in humanity had to be reckoned with, the individualistic. People after all were found not to be sheep and God was over and in them. There are no more interesting or instructive parts of history than those where individuals, open-faced and with heads uplifted, began to question and to defy the arbitrary

sway of the crowd-forming force. That questioning and that defying were the first green leaves of the coming glorious harvests.

History is the record of the struggle, bitter and unceasing, between these two forces, the crowd-forming and the individualistic. These make the anvil and the hammer with which God undertook to forge out members for a new order of society, the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. God seems to value above all tears and chains and groans and martyrs' graves, the outcome of struggle. He avows in inspiration that His favorites, those who shall sit with Him upon His throne judging the nations, are the *overcomers*.

BAPTIST HEROES AND MARTYRS.

The Baptists have always headed the individualistic forces. That was the part assigned to them in the human drama, and that is their glory and crown. Naturally, then, their history is a history of conflicts, of chains and prisons. It is no string of accidents which has caused the Baptists to furnish so large a part of the world's heroes and martyrs.

Every war has its budget of cost, and the Baptists have always been at war. They have been in the very nature of their calling the religious warriors of the centuries, and they possess the warrior's virtues and the warrior's faults, and they must naturally expect to leave their dead upon the world's battle fields. It is conceded

by the historian Bancroft that freedom of conscience is their trophy. If all the corner stones laid in freedom's honor could have a composite expression in human form there would be a greater "Stone Face" than Nathaniel Hawthorne's and its very lineaments would be Baptistic.

THE TWO BAPTIST LINKS.

Freedom for the individual and unconditioned loyalty to the living, present and reigning Christ are the two links which bind Baptists together, and which, it is apparent, will in no distant day bind together all who are called by His name.

These two principles are today commonplace principles with the people who read and think. The passionate love of Baptists for liberty has permeated the atmosphere of the world; for generations it has been built into the essential structure of humanity.

The claim accented in this volume is that in this great cause the Baptists are leading and have always led. This is the way of approach to Baptists and by Baptists for the coming answer to the Master's prayer for the oneness of His followers.

The story of one hero, the George Washington of Haitian Negroes, is told herein who was not a Baptist, but he was moved by the spirit which has always moved Baptists, and he became a flame-kindled spirit, a spirit storm-swept for freedom, viz., Toussaint L'Ouverture.

All such the Baptists are learning to claim as closest of kin.

A NEW ROLL CALL OF FAITH.

Just at this time there breaks forth with the suddenness of a summer shower a varied, rich and wide-spread array of heroes and martyrs. The explanation is found in the almost sudden, prairie-fire-like spread of the democratic spirit over the continents. Century-long tyrannical forces face extinction and their officials are fighting for their lives. There are heroes and martyrs in other lands, some of whose stories appear in this volume but in Russia and the other Slav states are found numbers of men and women and children whose lives are blackened by prisons, by scourgings, and by wounds of clanking and cruel chains, and the lives of others are being murderously blotted out. This collection of hero and martyr stories is published as a protest against all these wrongs and as a contribution to the forces fighting for freedom and faith.

Of course only a small part of the stories of those who have suffered and who are suffering for their faith appear in this volume, but here will be found representatives from many countries upon both continents—Russians, Letts, Bohemians, Moravians, Bulgarians, Servians, Hungarians, Brazilians, Chinese, Mexicans, Argentines, Negroes, Indians, Americans and others. It has been my endeavor to get the stories at first hand, either

written by the sufferers themselves or by those in close touch with them. In other cases the facts have been collected and verified, and writers secured with special equipment for each case, who have sought as far as possible to use the very words of the subjects of the stories. The many excellent portraits given add much to the value of the volume.

INDEBTEDNESS.

First of all my debt is to the Baptist World Alliance and especially to the recent session in Philadelphia, June, 1911. Out of my relations to this body have come the information and inspiration which have made this volume possible. I am deeply indebted to Rev. Charles T. Byford, the Commissioner of the Baptist World Alliance to the Continent of Europe, a brother to whom history will give great honor for his faithful and wise service in his large and trying field. His picture appears in the frontispiece group, the first on the left of the center line. (A word of explanation regarding the appearance in this group of my picture. I was accidentally passing the hotel of the Russian messengers when they were being posed on the pavement by a photographer, and in a chorus they began to cry out merrily, "Russian," "Russian," and they made a place and would have it as it is—an incident of abiding pleasure to the adopted "Russian".) Indebtedness is acknowledged to the Baptist Times, London, which published a number of re-

ports of Commissioner Byford and others. And to Rev. A. J. Vining, the Baptist World Alliance representative in America, who first put me in correspondence with a number of these heroes, who had in this way, previous to the meeting of the Alliance, become personal friends, brothers honored and well beloved.

The logic of the volume is that the mission of the Baptists has not yet been completed.

J. N. PRESTRIDGE.

A NEW ROLL-CALL OF FAITH.

A MIDNIGHT BAPTISM AND COMMUNION.

I arrived in Turocz, Russia, about six o'clock in the evening. The word was passed around amongst the members of the church that a service was to be held that same evening. Just after dusk the brethren began to come into the main room of the farm steading until at least seven and twenty persons were gathered together. After the exposition of the first chapter of John, a church meeting was held and two candidates were accepted for baptism.

Close upon midnight five of us started to walk across the fields and after covering about three miles we struck into the forest. Presently we came to a sluggish stream not more than three feet in depth, and there whilst the moon was flooding the rivulet with a silver light and in the near distance we could hear the barking of the wolves, the two candidates quickly disrobed themselves, and the elder of the church, preceding them into the water, administered the solemn and sacred rite of baptism. We were a glad company wending our way back to the farmhouse and on arrival at the door found the

church still engaged in prayer for the success of our enterprise and for the safety of all who were taking part in the ordinance. A rough wood table was placed in the center of the room, the elder read from the book of the Corinthians Paul's version of the institution of the last supper, several of our brethren led in prayer and presently there was passed from hand to hand a piece of black bread and afterwards a china cup filled with the red wine of the country. Before the service closed all knelt around the table and many and fervent were the prayers for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in that land of trial and of triumph. Just before the dawn began to break in the east the members of the church one by one wended their way to their various homes to harness the horses to their farm wagons, prepared to go through another day's toil with lighter hearts and more buoyant spirits in that they had been refreshed in heart and soul through communion with the Most High God.

IVAN KUCHNIREFF.

He was born in 1861 in the Holy City of Kieff. His father was a Greek Orthodox priest but he gave no education to his children, and they were allowed to grow up without learning to read or to write. At eighteen years of age he was drawn in conscription for a soldier, and during his service in the army learned to read and to write, and at last was appointed as an army clerk. On completing his military service he obtained a govern-

ment position as a road surveyor. In 1892 he came across a traveling Baptist preacher with the result that the following year he was baptized and became a member of the church in Kieff. He began then to earn his living as a writer of petitions to the courts of justice. Until 1905 he devoted all his spare time to advocating the cause of persecuted Baptists, visited the prisoners and presented their cases to the higher courts. In the early days of 1905 the persecution was so widespread that the Baptist Union of Russia appointed him as their official advocate and from their funds paid his expenses of travel. He receives no salary for this work, but depends upon the hospitality of the friends whose cases he brings before the courts. Several times his furniture has been seized and confiscated, and even at the present time he lives from hand to mouth.

During the persecution of 1907-08 he was in such dire poverty that frequently he would go for whole days without food, his wife and children sharing his hardships. There have even been occasions when he has given his children rock salt to satisfy their cravings of hunger.

Those associated with this calm and poised man at Philadelphia became conscious of his culture of mind and heart and of his resourceful and unflinching spirit. These words and his picture, which is the center on the center row in the frontispiece group, give a good conception of the man. He says:

"My work is different from that of my brethren, but I like to think that, in my way, I, too, am doing good. I was thirty-one years old when I was converted.

"At that time I was an advocate and I believed that I could make myself useful in practicing my profession in behalf of my brethren who got into trouble with the authorities. I found plenty to do. In fact, my whole time was taken up.

"Frequently I travel from place to place defending Baptists who have been imprisoned by the police, and do not see my home for weeks.

"Under the old law Baptists were imprisoned or sent to Siberia simply for believing in their religion and practicing their faith. This condition still exists in the outlying country, and it is there that our work meets with the most obstacles."

VASILIA IVANOFF.

Vasilia Ivanoff, a Molokan, was born in the government of Elizabethpol, Russia, in 1848. He was converted in 1870 and baptized in the Tiflis river on October the twenty-first, a date which he recalls with much joy and tenderness. He had come through much travail and he knew his own mind and the mind of his Savior as well, and so he began preaching at once. With almost equal promptness he began to suffer from severe persecution. Such a flaming spirit as his could not but attract the attention of the enemies of his Master. His persecutions continued until 1884, including the deprivation of all

VASILIA IVANOFF.

civil rights. He traveled fearlessly without the required but denied passport, and at last he was exiled, and being permitted to return was again exiled for four years for faithful preaching of the Gospel, in 1895. In the Caucasus he was made to serve as a beast of burden, being chained with fifteen other men and compelled to grind corn on a treadmill. He still has to suffer persecution, and the police refused him a passport to go to Philadelphia to attend the Baptist World Alliance, but he managed to evade them and succeeded in crossing the frontier.

He has more than three hundred members in his church at Baku, and the people throng to his preaching services, Tartars, Turks, Armenians, Kurds as well as Russians. Owing to the flowing nature of the population at Baku his converts spread over a very wide territory and his message is repeated in many villages and hamlets and cities. Only the recording angel can ever know how wide the reach of the influence of this faithful and fearless servant of Jesus Christ. He told his own story to a reporter in these simple and direct words:

"My life has been one of hardship and suffering, which my appearance does not belie. Born in Baku, Caucasus, sixty-three years ago, I was converted and baptized when I was twenty-two years old. Since that time most of my life has been spent in prison and exile.

"My persecution began when I became a Baptist, but in spite of what I have suffered I am thankful that I

have lived to bring the light of religion to hundreds of my fellow creatures.

"Twice because I persisted in preaching when I had been ordered to stop I was sent to Siberia. There I was chained to criminals—robbers, and worse—in the chain gang. I have been sent to prison so many times that I have lost track of the exact number, but if my memory serves me I have seen the insides of thirty-one different prisons. In one prison I had to work on the treadmill.

"During the years of my ministry I have baptized over fifteen hundred men and women, most of them at night in some lonely place away from the eyes of the police. Often I have chopped through the ice in order to administer the baptismal rite. Once I baptized a group of eighty-six persons."

NICHOLAS SKORADOKDOFF.

He is a young man, twenty-seven years old. He was converted eight years ago and was baptized and commenced to preach immediately. His father was a Baptist minister who died in exile in the Caucasus after many imprisonments. He is a Caucasian by birth. On his return from Philadelphia he went to undertake pioneer work under the Russian Baptist Union in the district where his father was martyred. This is the simple and modest way he tells his own story:

"My religion has been one of the saddest yet happiest parts of my life. It was my father's religion and it cost him his life, for he died in exile after he had

been imprisoned many times for teaching and leading the people to conversion.

"I was baptized eight years ago and spent two years in the preachers' school in Lodz and six months in Riga. Upon my return I undertook pioneer work in the Caucasus, where my father met a martyr's death, and although I met with many obstacles the work of the Gospel was easy compared with what it was when my father went there many years before.

"My brother was converted several years ago and is minister at a small church in Baku."

JACOB VINCE.

Jacob Vince is a descendant of one of the old German families settled in Russia. He was born in 1876 and at eighteen years of age was baptized. For six years he has been the pastor of a church in Samara. For the past four years he has been under police surveillance, and spent last November in prison. During his ministry in Samara he has baptized more than five hundred believers, has built up a church of three hundred and seventy members, besides opening eleven mission stations. His church was founded immediately after the manifesto granting liberty to the subjects of the czar, but hardly a month passed in which he did not have to suffer monetary fines for baptisms. In May, 1911, he was fined three hundred roubles, about one hundred and fifty dollars, or three months in prison for baptizing his peo-

ple, and when he returns to Russia he must face this charge and meet the threatened penalty. He says:

"For the past six years I have been minister of the little church in Samara, trying my best to convert others to the religion I believe in. I was born thirty-five years ago. Since my baptism I have been under the eye of the police, my every move watched. So far I have escaped prison, except for one month, and I consider myself fortunate.

"My most recent offense, for which I must answer when I return to my country, was being found baptizing eight Russians whom I had led to conversion. That was early in May. I feared the charge would prevent my coming to America, but the Lord was good to me, and I am thankful."

His picture appears at the left end of the top row of the frontispiece group.

SIMON STEPHANOFF.

Simon Stephanoff was baptized twenty-five years ago and began to preach immediately. During the first twelve months of his preaching two attempts were made on his life. On one occasion he was with Ivanoff and the police broke into the meeting house. The brethren had fled twelve versts away into the wood and continued to pray. Meanwhile the police came to the village and searched it thoroughly, even lifting the floors and thatches, but finding no one, went their way. Next

SIMON STEPHANOFF.

morning the brothers arrived in the village, delayed by being lost throughout the night in the forest, and the police were gone, so they had a great meeting in which many were converted and baptized. There is a strong church there now.

This was the first miracle God wrought in answer to his prayer, he says.

He was the first convert in the Varoitza government. When I commented upon his aged appearance, I discovered the reason in the answer, that for ten years after his conversion he was hunted by the police from place to place and lived an exceedingly hard life.

During twenty-five years he has baptized more than one thousand persons, working mostly in the Don Cossack country. He is now pastor of the Baptist church at Moscow.

He has been twice in prison in Varoitza and twice in the prison of Tambaff, sent without judgment, on administrative order.

He has been thrice called upon to discuss the Baptist position with the Greek ecclesiastical authorities. The police wanted him to sign a paper that he would preach no more, and not attempt to influence the ignorant people. His cousin is at present spending five years in exile in Siberia.

He says: "For the ten years which followed my baptism and the beginning of my preaching, I was never given a minute's peace by the police. I was hounded like a criminal from place to place, and no

sooner would I start to preach than the police would be upon me. I was cast into prison so often that it became an old story to me.

"Five years of my life I spent in Siberia, often in the midst of criminals of the lowest type. There I knew what real suffering was. Often I was without food for days, and many times I was too weak to eat what they gave me. Those were awful years.

"Despite the greater liberty which has been given us in recent years, the police threaten to send me back to Siberia if I do not confine my preaching to the regular meeting houses and stop trying to make converts among those of the Greek Orthodox religion."

(Editorial Note.—He is of great size, as his picture indicates, his voice is smooth and low-pitched, and his smile is full of gentleness and good-will. On his right hand there is a deep scar from above the wrist to the third finger which shows that the whole hand had been laid open. The finger is distorted and shriveled. This happened on an occasion when the Cossacks bound him and his wife and beat them both into insensibility. When he became conscious he found that she was dead. He asked from what section the Cossacks came, and wrapping up what clothing he had left he made his way to that section and the larger number of his baptisms were of the families and neighbors of the men who had beaten him and murdered his wife. It was impossible not to love him.)

VASILIA STEPHANOFF.

Vasilia Stephanoff is the brother of Simon Stephanoff, the pastor of the church in Moscow. He was a Molokan. Born in 1875 and was converted in 1890, and al-

though only fifteen years of age, began to preach immediately. He served as a conscript in St. Petersburg for four years and looked upon it as a splendid opportunity to influence his comrades in the army. In 1899 he was sent by the Russian Baptist Union to commence pioneer Baptist work in Pesky and since then has built up a church of two hundred members and has opened twenty mission stations. Every year since his advent in the district the church has sent out a missionary to do pioneering work. Last year in his mission stations he baptized two hundred and fifty believers, making a total of seven hundred, apart from the mother church. He has been before the police several times but has never been convicted. He is at present the secretary of the Russian Baptist Union and is a splendid type of the younger men in the Russian ministry.

His picture appears fifth from the left on the bottom row of the frontispiece group.

ZANOVIEFF PAVLIENKO.

He was born in Traboff, Paltania, Russia, and was converted nine years ago. He says:

"I am only one of the younger men in the field and can show but few scars of service. I was born in 1882, of parents who were firm believers in the Greek Orthodox religion.

"I was converted when I was twenty years old and have been cut off from my family ever since. Four times

I have been before the authorities because I persisted in preaching after I had been warned not to."

On his return to Russia he is to be stationed as pastor of the Baptist church at Nicolaieff.

His picture appears the second from the left of the top row of the frontispiece group.

ANDREAS ERSTRATENKO.

Andreas Erstratenko was born at Balashov, Russia, in the province of Saratov, in 1863. He was Greek Orthodox in faith and until his conversion was himself a fierce and terrible persecutor of Baptists. When word was brought into the districts that the Baptists had commenced their meetings, he placed himself at the head of rioters and incited them to stone-throwing and window-breaking and general persecution. In 1890, Vasilia Ivanoff came into the district to preach and Erstratenko was converted and baptized. He began to preach in his village with the result that the work began to spread and a small church was founded. The year following his baptism six families from the village were sent into exile and five families remained under police supervision. At the end of another year, Erstratenko and the head of each family were sent to prison for two years without trial and during that time they were beaten and otherwise suffered. After their return from prison they were arrested every time they met in one another's houses for prayer and were always fined forty roubles,

ANDREAS ERSTRATENKO.

about twenty dollars, each, until they were absolutely penniless. Being penniless they began to look at their work from a fresh point of view, now they had nothing to lose, the worst the Russian government could do to them was to send them to prison and to exile. So they met boldly in the day time, and scourgings and beatings followed. One day Erstratenko's mother was so brutally flogged that three of her ribs were broken and her death ensued the following day. With three brethren he was seized while preaching in a village and all four of them were flogged until they were unconscious, and a compassionate man took pity upon them, laid them in the bottom of his farm wagon and drove them to their homes. Several times he went to prison, being unable to pay his fine, and at last was banished to Siberia.

He has now been twelve years in Siberia and when liberty was granted to the exiles in 1905 he elected to remain in the land and became pastor of the church which has been gathered together under his preaching. He was privileged to baptize the first political exiles converted in Siberia, and during his freedom since 1905, has baptized more than two thousand persons in Siberia alone. As a result of his labors there are more than six thousand Baptists who look up to him as their pastor. On more than one occasion he has had to cut a hole in the ice in the dead of night when the thermometer was lower than forty degrees Centigrade. From the beginning of his Christian life until the present time he has never received money as a preacher of the Gospel. Like

the early apostles, he is the guest of the Christian families and churches which he ministers to. In some of the villages south of the Baikal more than half the people are Baptists. In the early days of his ministry in Siberia, ten to twelve years ago, he has known women to travel three or four hundred versts (one hundred and eighty English miles) to be baptized. He had some money of his own but repeated fines have impoverished him. He says:

"I regret to say that I persecuted those of the Baptist faith as cruelly as any one. To me at that time they were heathen, infidels, and meriting only our scorn and contempt.

"One day it dawned on me that, right or wrong, they had a right to their religious views, and I resolved to investigate their religion. I attended a meeting, ashamed of the weakness that took me there, and soon became deeply impressed with the views expressed by Vasilia Ivanoff, who was secretly holding meetings.

"I was twenty-seven years old when I was converted, and so strong a hold did the faith take that I began to preach immediately. You can imagine the contempt my former fellows had for me when they learned of my conversion. I was hissed and hooted in the streets and frequently stoned when I tried to preach.

"Then began a long series of persecutions by the police. I was sent to prison, placed in a dungeon and half starved. I was beaten and scourged many times in

an effort to drive the 'Baptist devil' from me, but I remained true to my adopted religion under their torture."

PAUL DATZCHO.

He is twenty-six years of age, a native of Kharkoff, and he was converted nine years ago. His mother was the first Baptist in Kharkoff, twenty-four years ago. He has been before the court and sentenced to prison for three months for preaching and was threatened with the loss of all civil rights. Last October he baptized eighteen people in the forest at midnight. He has spent two years in Lodz at the seminary founded by Baron Uixkull, and the last six months in Riga. On his return to Russia, he is to be inducted as the minister of the church in Kharkoff, where there are four hundred members. He says:

"I was born in Kharkoff in 1885 and was baptized in the Baptist faith when I was seventeen years old. My mother, who has long been a believer in the Baptist faith, was sent to prison and remained there some time because she would not renounce it and become a member of the state Church and because she held a prayer meeting in her house.

"I was cast into prison, too, for spreading the Gospel in Kharkoff, and was kept there three months. I have baptized many people, but I had to be very careful that the authorities did not catch me doing it. Many times I have baptized in the forests in the dead of night, often having to chop a hole in the ice to do so.

"When I get back to Russia I hope to be allowed to continue my work in the church at Kharkoff."

His picture appears third from the left of the top row of the frontispiece group.

M. BALICHIN.

He was born in 1856 and converted in 1881 and baptized in 1882. In 1883 he began to travel and preach the Gospel. In 1884 he was at the first conference at St. Petersburg called by Col. Paschoff, the English Lord Radstock and others. He was then arrested and later was released from prison and sent away to a far corner of the empire. He has not been banished. In 1886, he was ordained as pastor in Astrakankskia. He was chosen by the Baptist Union to visit the scattered groups of believers in Russia and has baptized more than anyone else in Russia in the dead of night in the depths of the forests. He has always escaped arrest since his first experience. In all he has baptized about fifteen hundred believers. Oftentimes the police have come into the meetings and disputed with him, but he has always been favored. In 1900 when many were imprisoned he had a power of attorney to visit the prisons and employ advocates and thus obtained the release of many imprisoned brethren.

In one town, Ekaterinaslav, he visited believers among the prisoners, and in the prison discovered one brother who held the appointment of official swineherd,

who had to take charge of stolen pigs and return them to their owners. Balichin tried to see him, but the governor refused him permission. Some of the prisoners saw Balichin about and one called out to him, "Come and see if you have lost any swine." On Balichin's accepting the invitation he was brought before the governor, and thus was able to bring the case to the police authorities, and ultimately secured the release of his friend. During his ministry he has set apart thirty-two young men as preachers of the Gospel. Since 1905 he has been engaged in pioneer work and has rented music halls and theaters in which he carries on his propaganda work. He is supported largely by a wealthy man, who wishes secretly to carry on this work, without interruption. He thus tells his own story:

"I am a Molokan, born in 1856. I was converted to the Baptist religion when I was twenty-six years old. For four years I carried on the work of making converts despite orders from the police to stop it.

"I was constantly under suspicion, but by exercising great care in my work and holding secret meetings away from the towns I was able to keep out of the hands of the authorities until 1886. Then I was sentenced to a term in prison, and at the end of my sentence released with a warning that I would be sent back if I was found preaching again.

"I still carried on the work, but had to be more careful than before, because I was constantly under suspicion. We would meet in some lonely spot in the

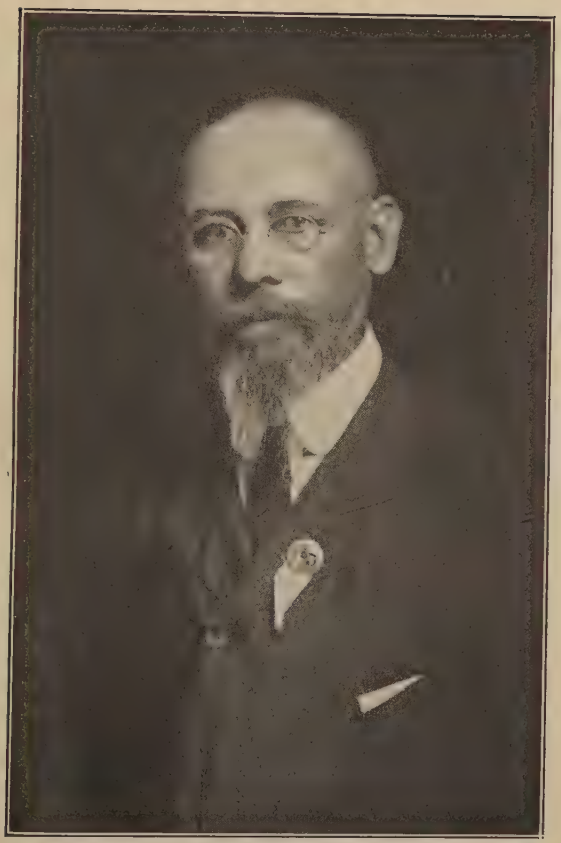
depths of the forest late at night, stealing there one by one, and post sentinels to avoid being surprised by the police. Of the more than sixteen hundred persons I have baptized, by far the greater majority were converted at such meetings. The peasants realized it meant imprisonment for them if they were caught attending a Baptist meeting and so they had to exercise great secrecy.

"Of late years much of my work has been in visiting the prisons and comforting Baptists who were serving sentences because of their religion."

His picture appears on the right end of the center row of the frontispiece group.

ROMORN HOMIAC.

He was born in the government of Astrakan, in 1881, and received a good education in the gymnasium. His people are all Greek Orthodox. In 1905 he was brought under the influence of Simon Stephanoff, and in the month of June of the same year was baptized in the river Molgor. In 1906 he went to St. Petersburg and helped in a village church. Two years later he was one of the ten men selected to go to the seminary at Lodz where he spent three years, afterwards proceeding to Riga. He has already won his spurs as a preacher and hardly a month has passed without his baptizing ten or more people. It is not yet settled where the Russian Baptist Union will station him as pastor.



ANDREAS LEVUCHKIN.

His picture appears fourth from the left on the top row of the frontispiece group.

ANDREAS LEVUCHKIN.

Andreas Levuchkin was born in 1858 at Tambov, in the province of Saratov, in Eastern Russia. At sixteen years of age he went to Tiflis and there first came into contact with the Baptists. He was converted in 1882, and like all our Russian converts commenced preaching immediately. For three years he preached with freedom and then his trials commenced, until at last, in 1891, he was sent into exile in Transcaucasia by administrative order, that is, without the formality of a trial. He was sent amongst the Tartars that not understanding their language he would be unable to preach to them, but as there was a large company of exiles in that district he was enabled to have fellowship with them. He spent eight years in exile and returned home in 1900. He says:

"I was converted to the Baptist faith when I was twenty-two years old. My parents were both members of the Greek Orthodox Church. I was born in 1858 and baptized in 1882. In 1891 charges were brought against me and without the formality of a trial I was sent into exile, I was given the privilege of paying my own fare and that of the two guards who accompanied me.

"I was in exile for eight long, weary years, being kept among the Tartars to prevent my preaching to the

Russian people. Since my return from exile in 1899 I have been constantly under police supervision.

"When the authorities learned that I was making plans to go to the convention at Philadelphia, an old charge of several years' standing was brought up against me, but I had my passport and cleared across the frontier before they could arrest me.

"I expect to be arrested and to stand trial as soon as I return to Russia."

His trial is sure to cost him one hundred and fifty dollars or three months in a Russian prison, and words can hardly describe the suffering of the alternative.

A BAPTIST HEROINE IN SERVIA.

Twenty-three years ago two Germans went down to Servia, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider. They had been brought under the influence of Rev. J. G. Oncken, the German Baptist hero, who in much suffering and many labors laid the foundations for this modern Baptist revival on the Continent of Europe. Arriving in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, they commenced to speak to their neighbors the Baptist faith and principles. Gradually men and women began to seek and to find salvation and to ask for baptism, and a small church was formed. Their work progressed quietly for several years, meetings being held in the homes of some of the wealthier members. At last a decision was taken to arise and build. Mr. McKenzie, a Scotch Baptist merchant in the city, helped them considerably, and at last an excellent church

building, which seated about four hundred people was erected close to the market square. The building was only used for worship once, the dedication service, for the police, instigated by the priests of the Orthodox Church, stepped in and confiscated the building and put several of the leaders in prison for three months. The building still stands as a monument to the intolerance of the Servian government. It is used for a government bank. From this time onward the Baptists in Servia had to suffer scourgings and imprisonments. They were not allowed to meet for worship with the result that week by week they gathered in the forests or in quiet places by the riverside to comfort one another in the Kingdom of God and to sing his praises. Shortly after the confiscation of the church building, Mr. Schneider died and in the following year his wife was stricken with blindness. It was now an exceedingly difficult matter for her to attend the meetings of the brethren. She would need a guide to lead her to the secret meeting place, and to be conducted regularly from her home through the crowded streets of the city would probably mean the betrayal of those gathered together for worship. Occasionally the members of the church would come to her bare whitewashed room and read to her from the Word of God, and join with her in prayer. Twelve months ago an officer of the police came to live in the house next to hers and his advent struck consternation into the heart of the sister for the visit of the brethren would be known to him and they would speed-

ily find themselves in trouble. A few weeks after the policeman had taken his residence, his little boy fell down and broke his leg, and the blind woman used to go and sit by his bedside and began to tell him some of the New Testament stories. The mother of the lad was greatly interested in the stories and the truths they taught and she began to inquire more perfectly the way of salvation. One day the policeman asked Mrs. Schneider if there were any more people in the city of her way of thinking. She was in a quandary. She hardly knew what answer to make. To deny would be to lie and that she could not do; to affirm might mean betrayal of the followers of Christ, and while she hesitated what to do, the policeman said, "Do not be afraid, I too would like to be one of you." The result has been that for the past few months as many as six and eight brethren have met in the room of the old woman, and one can never forget her expressions of devout thankfulness to God that once again under the protection of the resident policeman the brethren are enabled to meet in her home for worship. One can still hear her plaintive voice saying, "Oh, how good the great God is to us, how very good God is to us, for when the rain pelts down and the strong winds blow, we can sing, if we sing very softly, a hymn of praise to Him."

Scattered all over the land there are these little companies of Baptists, who, despite all the pains and penalties inflicted upon them by a retrograde government, yet meet to worship and praise their Lord and Master.

IVAN SAVELIEFF.

This servant of Jesus Christ was born in 1858, in Saratoff, Russia. He had belonged to the Molokani, a sect after the order of the Quakers. He was converted when twenty-five years of age in Vladikasvas and was baptized in 1883. Immediately he began to preach the Gospel as do so many fellow confessors of faith in Christ. He was exiled for five years for preaching in Transcaucasia, 1894-1900, by administrative order, that is, without due process of law. For four years he was officially recognized as a preacher by the Russian Baptist Union at Vladikasvas, 1900-1904. Seven times has he been imprisoned for short periods, but he does not count imprisonment as suffering since it is for the Gospel's sake. He is liable to arrest upon return from Philadelphia. If called upon all who know him know that he will remain true to his faith.

At one time all of his meetings were forbidden, and every Saturday spies came from the police to discover where the meetings were to be held. Notwithstanding, meetings were always held, sometimes in the depths of the forests and sometimes in secluded places on the river banks.

One Sunday they met in a barn and the police discovered them. One brother was on watch at the door for the police and when he saw them coming he called the owner of the house, who locked the barn door from the outside and went into the house. The police de-

manded to search the house and did so, but forgot the barn. Later, as they waited, the crowd came out and the police were greatly surprised.

Whenever a strange Baptist preacher came to town he was locked up every Saturday until Monday. Every Sunday the police have attempted to disperse the meetings by protocol. Each time all the worshipers were arrested and brought before the court, charged with being law breakers, but these persecutions only brought more to the meetings. The judge became helpless and confused and he finally dismissed them, testifying to their good spirit and behavior. Savelieff says:

"Since 1904, I have been pastor of a little church in Vladikasvas. I was converted when twenty-five. Following that I was sent to prison many times for short sentences in adhering to my chosen religion.

"In 1894 I was sent to Siberia for five years, where I suffered as others of my brethren had before me. In 1900, just about a year after my return from exile, I was sent back again to Siberia for preaching, remaining there until 1904.

"Since then I have been before the magistrates many times and have a charge pending now which I must face when I return to Russia."

His picture appears at the left end of the bottom row of the frontispiece group.

CHAS. T. BYFORD,
London, England.

NATALIA.

"Natalia, you must get ready. We are leaving in a week," said Michael Ivanoff, entering the room.

Ivanoff was the son of a Russian priest. He was not a dutiful son of the Greek Orthodox Church in spite of the position occupied by his father. He seldom went to church; his faith in its teachings was shaken, and the life of the priests he knew by experience was far from what it should be, and they had lost their influence over him and made him indifferent as to the faith of his fathers. As with most of the Russians, with his indifference to the truth, he had entered a state of spiritual deadness which had brought on with it a sort of stupor of mind and carelessness to all that has to do with the worship of God in truth.

At his words his wife started up from her work. "Ah, how soon," she said with a sigh.

At the time our story begins there was a spiritual revival at the quiet little place K——. The authorities had been alarmed at the awakening which was bringing crowds to the meetings in the recently built hall that the villagers had set up for that work. Numbers were being converted in this little village. For this cause it was planned by the authorities to send out

a missionary supported by the Greek Orthodox Church, to prevent the people attending those Baptist services and try to paralyze the power of this teaching which was making such an impression on the minds of the people. Ivanoff, just then in need of work, had been recommended to the authorities for that work. They supposed that he as a son of a priest could be relied upon. As he possessed some culture and ability, it was thought he could attend to the needed work with desired results. His appointment had been made some time ago and now he had to hurry to the spot, having lingered some time, being reluctant to leave the home he had so long enjoyed at T——. His wife, though far from being eager to leave their little abode to which she had so long been used, thought it grand that her husband should be named for such a high post, to fight the accursed sect she had heard so much about. She loved the faith of her fathers, never failed to keep the sacred lamp burning before her ikon, and liked on Sundays and other holidays to make herself smart and go to church. It seemed to her very dreadful to go against the faith of her fathers and violate the laws of the "Mother Church", as she heard those audacious sectarians were doing. To study the two characters one would have been led to think that Natalia should have fulfilled the duties assigned her husband far better, for her heart burned with a true zeal for the Church she was born in, and it was this zeal which created in her energy enough to exchange her cherished home for the

more distant, strange and out-of-the-way place without murmuring. It was to stand for the "faith of our fathers", she said to herself when her husband was commissioned and this comforted and inspired her. The indifference of Ivanoff had been well concealed by the efforts of his wife, for she always made him accompany her to church whenever she could, and she led him to fast and reverently bow before the sacred pictures. In this way the true state of his mind was little known. He used to play cards and drink and smoke, but that, according to the people's views was quite natural, for no one in Russia expects more of us than that we shall worship God according to the customs and forms of our country.

With some fuss and difficulties due to the change of place and transport of things, the couple found themselves at last at their destination a short time after this. They settled close by the village chosen by the Baptists of which there was so much talk. Natalia's heart was burning with indignation against the faithful servants of God. Stories had been told to her of how they were teaching the people to curse the ikon, despise the Church and ignore the traditions of the ancient fathers. She had been taught to regard them as heretics. With trembling hands and much eagerness she prepared the things for her husband's first visit to the heretic village, which was full of the teaching of the Baptists.

"They have their own Testaments," said the neigh-

bors to Natalia. "You must never believe a word of what they say. Their Gospel differs from the true one sanctioned by our Church." Natalia felt proud that her husband was to stand for the faith of their fathers. Before he left she told him to be careful not to drink too much, that his mind might be clear and his speech powerful. She blessed him, making the sign of the cross over him as they parted, and long that night did she kneel before her ikons making low bows and repeating half aloud the many prayers she knew by heart addressed to the Virgin and saints she was taught to worship. Next morning she placed a table before the image of St. Nicholas in the church, who she believed was able to help her husband. She eagerly awaited his return, impatient to hear of his success she was so sure of. She prepared a specially good dinner that day, and when at length the little cart rolled up, she ran out to meet her husband. But Michael Ivanoff looked exhausted and not at all as triumphant as she had expected. He greeted her rather indifferently, and dropped heavily into a chair at the spread out table. Natalia was too eager to hear of the news he had to bring, to be able to wait until he had finished his meal.

"Well, how is it?" she asked. "Were you able to stop their mouths? Were you able to persuade the people not to attend their meetings?"

"No," answered Michael thoughtfully as he raised his hand to his brow and passed his fingers through his hair, "I could not do so."

"Why?" asked the amazed wife, as she stood gazing at him with wide open eyes full of surprise.

"They are not at all evil people," grunted the husband. "There is much truth in what they say." That was all Natalia could get from him. He did not seem inclined to talk much about the matter, and she saw it was no use bothering him. But her curiosity was aroused and she decided to go herself to one of these meetings, and so she set out one afternoon. When she asked her husband to lend her the horse, which he willingly agreed to do, he laughed a little at the notion of her being present in a heretic meeting. At the hour appointed for the meeting, Natalia found herself at the little village K——, before a long wooden building which they told her was the hall. She was kindly greeted by some women standing outside and welcomed into a plain, light room full of wooden seats at the end of which was a small elevation with a pulpit stand, on which lay a large, well-worn Bible. Some villagers were already occupying seats and Natalia was welcomed into their midst. There was something bright and pleasing about the manners and faces of those who addressed themselves to her.

" 'Tis the first time you have come to us," said one of the men. "Place yourself a little nearer so as to hear well." The woman obeyed, for something strange seemed to have stolen over her—a stillness had crept over her soul, and instead of enmity she felt attraction

in her heart. After a time, when the hall was full, the preacher, a middle aged man, arose to speak.

"Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost," he said. "It was not the righteous, but sinners, He came to call to repentance. Those who are whole need no physician," and he went on to speak of the tender love and mercy of the Savior, who had left His glory on high to come and redeem a sinful and perishing world. He spoke of the Son of Man walking the streets of Jerusalem, healing the sick and the blind, giving the water of life to the thirsty souls around Him and raising the dead, and then he said that Jesus is the same, yesterday, today and forever; that He is here today seeking souls, healing the sick, offering liberty to those who are in the fetters of sin. His words were earnest and full of power. In the silence of that room Natalia heard some repressed sobs, and her own heart seemed melted under the influence of the Gospel. She was not like Jesus who loved His enemies and died for those who hated Him. The Holy Spirit was convicting her of sin; she had never come face to face with the Savior; she was used to intermediators between God and herself, and it was the first time she had heard of a Savior's redeeming love and His finished work on the cross. In the light of His word, her own righteousness seemed to her as filthy rags. And wonder of wonders, that she, who had thought to stand for the faith of her fathers and fight the heretics, was convinced that they were speaking the truth. After the meeting was over she re-

turned home full of troubled thoughts. She felt that the teachings she had hitherto been accustomed to were lifeless and powerless, and the love for Jesus, her Redeemer, which was filling her heart after she had heard of all He had suffered for her, was surpassing the love that she thought she possessed for the Church. She got her Testament and carefully pondered over the places pointed out by the preacher and became convinced that her book spoke exactly the same words he had been pointing out. She could not go to bed that night, but stayed long pondering over the pages of the sacred book until the light of the Holy Spirit filled her heart and she wept for joy and gratitude for the blood spilled for her on Calvary. Her conversion was genuine and thorough. It was a stepping out of darkness into perfect light, and as she was true to what she believed in her ignorance she was as true to the revelation of God. With a trembling hand next morning she took down the sacred pictures hung up in her room, extinguished the lamp she had so carefully kept burning through the years and stowed it all away in a dark closet where she kept plunder. There was no room for these dead ordinances in her heart since she had met the living God. She did not stop to consider long about it, as she knew her husband was so indifferent to the things of God. Her heart was full of joy and she was thinking of the time when she could again go to the meeting, and she wondered what her husband would say. Strange to say she felt afraid to speak to him at once and asked

God to show her how to do so. To her great surprise, he got terribly enraged when he discovered she had taken the sacred pictures off the walls and extinguished the lamp. The man who had seemed so indifferent and careless to religion turned into a wild beast.

"How," he exclaimed furiously, "You are going to follow the teaching of these heretics, and going to become a Baptist like them!"

"But they speak the truth," she said timidly. "You yourself told me they were good people."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "but I did not care about it. I never meant to follow them, or see you do so."

"But you must think of your soul," persisted Natalia earnestly. "If you do not receive the gift of God you will die in your sin. God's word says that drunkards cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, and you know you are often drunk."

"I'll teach you how to preach!" exclaimed the furious husband, and snatching the stunned woman by the arm, he inflicted a heavy blow on her back. It was the first time Natalia had met with such treatment, and her heart throbbed, and the tears flowed from her eyes. Her husband seemed ashamed of himself and moved away. She did not say a word of rebuke, but falling on her knees and covering her face with her hands, she pleaded aloud to God that He would forgive him and make the light shine into his soul as He had done into hers.

"You may ill treat me as you like," she said softly,

arising from her knees, "but one thing you may know is that I love you and will always pray for you." The husband left the room.

"Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," stole over the heart of Natalia. She thought Jesus was whispering these words to her soul. It was the first time she was suffering for Him who had suffered so much for her, and she was glad. She could not understand how it was that her husband who had been so careless and indifferent until now should stand up so for the things which used to be dear to her, but which had become worthless since she knew there is no mediator between man and God but Jesus Christ. What should she do? "Well," she thought, "it will surely go off. He will not care about it, and if he comes to the meetings he will soon understand the darkness he is in." She spoke little that day, but went quietly about her duties and was particularly kind to Michael. As they were sitting that evening on the doorstep in front of their cottage she asked him if he would read the Scriptures with her.

"Get away," said the man angrily, "I do not want to hear any more of that. Go and find the ikons and hang them up again. I shall have none of this nonsense in my house." Natalia rose and went indoors. What was she to do? She could not obey her husband's orders. She could not worship her idols any more. Then she stole away into the little garden behind the

house, and there in the bushes on her knees, wept before God, praying that He would soften her husband's heart and win him to Himself. Meanwhile the husband, seeing his orders had not been obeyed, angrily summoned her and demanded to be shown where the pictures were, and when Natalia refused to carry out his orders and hang up the pictures he hung them up himself, and said he did not want the neighbors to despise them. When Natalia refused to light the lamp she had formerly so carefully trimmed he again got into a fury and beat her with his cane. And so her bitter troubles began. But she stood firm in her faith and though kind and good to him, she refused to obey when he wanted her to be unfaithful to her God. When she was able to steal away to the meetings she did so, but when that was impossible she patiently waited at home, reading the Scriptures and praying. One day her husband threatened to kill her if she would not give up her Baptist notions, and after a severe beating so that her body was all in bruises and bleeding, he put her into a cart and took her to his church along an exceedingly rough road so that her aching limbs were painfully jerked, inflicting terrible suffering.

"I shall make you suffer worse," said the cruel man, "unless you promise to take the holy sacrament when I bring you to the priest. Will you do it?" he continued harshly, stopping the horse by the road.

"No," said the faithful servant of God gently, but firmly, "you may kill me if you like, but I shall not

go back into the darkness. And with all that you may know one thing, and that is, that I love you and that I pray for you."

So Michael struck his horse and continued his cruel drive. In spite of all his threats and those of the priest, Natalia stood firm and was taken home as she had been brought.

Another day when she was driving out with her husband he threatened to throw her under the wheels of an oncoming train if she would not give up her faith, but she meekly replied, "Feel perfectly free to do whatever you like with me, for I cannot leave my Savior, but must remain true to Him until the end." And every time she would end with the words, "You may know that I love you and will always pray for you." She was beginning to waste away under the pressure of her hardened husband, who seemed bent on bringing her back to the Greek Orthodox faith at any cost. Whenever Natalia could speak a word for her Savior and His saving grace she would be sure to do so. But where words could not influence she tried to shine by her faithful and pure life, which spoke louder than any sermon.

One night after long meditation and prayer, Natalia crept away from home to see a young preacher who had come from some distance to preach in the little village. She had learned from the Word of God and from what she had heard from his faithful servant that we must repent, believe and be baptized. The Scriptures

were so plain on this point that there was no question in her mind about the matter. She must obey God's command to the full, and though she knew her husband would be very angry, she decided to be baptized. So it was to this young preacher she went to tell of her conviction, and the brave man, in spite of all the danger of the case, was faithful to his calling. In the stillness of that night in the waters of the little river which flowed through that region, Natalia was baptized. After that she seemed to grow braver than ever, having realized that she was dead and buried with her Savior and must now live the resurrection life, looking forward to the prize beyond. I need not tell you how furious her husband was when he learned what she had done. He vowed he would kill the young minister who dared to perform the ceremony, and for a long time it was dangerous for brother V—— to appear in these parts of the country, and whenever he came he risked his life, but this did not prevent him from serving his Master faithfully and continue brave in fulfilling His commands.

Jesus, in the meantime, was seeking Michael the same as He had been seeking Natalia, and through the instrumentality of this holy woman He was breaking that hard, dead heart. As he would not give in to the word of love the Lord had to use hard blows. After some time under the influence of this cruel treatment, Natalia got severely ill, and only then Michael seemed to understand what he had done. His conscience was

rebuking him, and he felt miserable. The dying woman never murmured, nor complained, nor rebuked him. She had always a word of love and gentleness. And thus she passed away after much suffering, leaving a ray of light behind her and a message that would never die. The influence of her life could not be lost. Michael was left alone and often would it seem to him that he heard the gentle words of his wife, telling him the story of Jesus' love and her figure would rise before him. To dispel this vision he took to drink and began living a loose life, until his parents became alarmed and thought that they must find him a wife who would keep him in hand and put him right. And he did marry and thought he would be happy now, forgetting all the past. He thought he would pray much and go to church and fast as he used to, but this gave him no peace. But what was most grievous, he could not get on with his new wife. She was never satisfied; she made the home quite unattractive to him and the unhappy man would often try to steal away. He found no satisfaction in the rites of his Church and no comfort in his home, so he decided he would try and seek for both in the meetings of the Baptists hitherto despised by him but so much loved by his Natalia. And so he went in there among the children of God, and his heart seemed to find satisfaction; the living Word of God seemed to suit his spirit and he learned to love the people he had cursed before. Ah, how he regretted that he had not come before and spared himself the loss of his tender

wife. Often and often, in the moments of anguish, he seemed to hear her gentle voice saying, "One thing you may know, I love you and am praying for you." How different to the wife he now has, and he seemed to understand the power of the life that had passed away. He seemed to realize that all these years he had been giving himself an instrument into the hands of Satan, and he was bitterly ashamed to think he was the cause of so much sorrow and suffering to his Natalia. He learned to love the Gospel which Natalia had left behind her, and often in the quiet of the evening he would muse over its pages, and the words of life began to burn their way through to his heart. But it takes time to melt a hardened heart, and the Lord had need of patience and longsuffering in the case of Michael. It was his turn now to suffer from a cross woman, who was without any inclination toward spiritual things. She was always grumbling, bustling about, beginning her morning by a horrid prayer before the ikon, or no prayer at all, perfectly indifferent to the Word of God that she so often saw in the hands of Michael, angry when she heard of his going to the meetings, never having a kind word for him and much less for the neighbors with whom she liked to gossip. And so Michael was being driven to seek salvation. If he had not put off so long he would have spared himself much sorrow. But his hardened and indifferent heart seemed to have needed the school through which he was passing. He had rejected the mercies of God, he had now to taste

the bitter cup of suffering, and it was this suffering that was revealing the Savior's atoning love.

He was broken down at last in one of the meetings and gave his heart to Jesus with bitter tears of repentance for all the past, and learned to follow his Savior as faithfully as Natalia did. He learned to preach the message to others and boldly carried salvation to all those around in spite of the many and bitter persecutions which arose around him. And so the little village K—— has been the means of bringing many souls to Jesus, and the little Baptist community is prospering and growing in numbers until this day.

MADAM M. YASNOVSKY (nee von Kruse),
St. Petersburg, Russia.

THE NOVOTNYS OF PRAGUE, THE SUCCESSORS OF HUSS.

Bohemia, in one respect at least, reminds us of that city described by John in the Revelation, the city surrounded by a wall great and high, and which lieth foursquare. To look at Bohemia on the map is to see that the great and high mountains which shut it in almost make a perfect square, with one angle pointing almost directly to the north, another to the south, another to the east and another to the west. This square granite fence lets its bars down at only one point, toward the southeast, where there is a narrow opening into Moravia, and it encloses a country of twenty thousand square miles, about one-half the size of Kentucky. Near the center of this beautiful square is the city of Prague.

Prague, a city of over a half million people, lies picturesquely on both banks of the Moldau. My first view of the city by night was enchanting. Strolling through the park which overlooks the river spanned by massive ancient bridges I could see the huge outline of what appeared to be castles or palaces on the other side. I could hear a band playing in the distance. The morning did not dissipate the spell of the evening. Prague unites a European solidity with an Asiatic splendor.

Its heights are imposing with domes and spires and turrets; its riversides lovely with trees and promenades. The streets present alternations of medieval arches and towers, with splendid modern shops. No city outside of Italy lays stronger hold on the imagination or more binds the memory than "hundred-towered, golden Prague." The heart is stirred with thoughts of the Thirty Years' War which started and stopped here, of Jerome, of Ziska, of the Bohemian Brethren and of Huss. Although ages of persecution, suffering, violence and exile stretch between, John Huss must nevertheless be recognized as the forerunner of the present evangelical movement in Bohemia. A knowledge of him and of the history he made is necessary, therefore, to a true understanding of existing conditions.

Huss and Prague are names indissolubly linked together. In the early years of the fifteenth century there was no man so popular in Prague as John Huss, Rector of the University, Confessor to the Queen, and the eloquent Preacher of Bethlehem Chapel. Bethlehem Chapel was a preaching place built by private citizens of Prague who, weary of Latin masses and music and full of the growing national spirit, wanted a place where they could hear popular Biblical preaching in the Bohemian tongue which could not be heard in the churches and cathedrals where Latin and German were the only languages.

The responsibilities of his position as preacher of Bethlehem Chapel were to get Huss into trouble some

JOSEPH NOVOTNY.

day. Bethlehem means "a house of bread." The men of Prague wanted bread. They were sick of husks, of masses mumbled by unintelligible priests. Where shall he find bread to break to the hungry people? He is led to an earnest study of the Scriptures and of Wiclif's writings. At first he had been prejudiced against Wiclif, but the more he read him the more he found himself in agreement with him. He translated his writings and commended them to the people.

Then the trouble began to brew. The Council of the University of Prague declared the writings of Wiclif heretical and issued orders that no one was to teach or maintain them either in private or in public. Huss, who was characterized more by fearlessness and passion for the truth than by even his learning and eloquence, refused to obey the order, and started on the rugged road that would lead him to the fire by and by.

The first definite rupture between Huss and the Roman Catholic Church was brought on by his attitude toward the papacy. Wiclif's watchword had been, "Back to the Bible." The watchword of Huss became, "Back to Christ." He said that Jesus Christ was the head of the church, and he insisted that priests and prelates and popes and all earthly mediators must stand out of the way that the sinner might through Christ alone, the one Mediator, have access to God. From the pulpit of Bethlehem Chapel he began to raise his eloquent voice against the avarice and arrogance, the greed, licentiousness and corruption of the Roman ecclesiastics and to

denounce their traffic in holy things, the sale of indulgences and pardons.

Then there was a howl. Monks, priests and bishops united in the hoarse chorus: "Heresy, heresy! Down with him! He is a devil incarnate, a heretic." A bull from the pope forbade Huss to preach in Bethlehem Chapel, and the archbishop of Prague proceeded to issue a solemn and formal excommunication against the heretic Huss and his adherents.

Huss was not to be silenced so easily. He had a higher Master than the archbishop of Prague or the arch-fiend (no finer title is applicable to Pope John XXIII) at Rome. He went right on preaching at Bethlehem Chapel, and the people flocked to hear their hero in even greater numbers than before. As many as ten thousand are stated to have been present sometimes, made up of royalty, nobility, students and citizens.

Then things hurried to a crisis. The sentence of excommunication which had been passed upon Huss by the archbishop was renewed by the pope, and Prague was put under the interdict.

Huss bowed to the thunderstorm not for a moment. Like Wiclif he believed that no man could be excommunicated unless he had first excommunicated himself. But the city, his beloved Prague that had harbored him so long, was suffering on his account. So for the sake of the city he took himself away.

His exile from Prague had another result than the pope and his minions intended. It contributed to the

spread rather than the suppression of his views. Never should the voice of Huss be heard again from the Bethlehem pulpit, but the "heretic" had the woods, "God's first temples." He had the sky-domed fields. He became a fire-filled evangelist. His power was multiplied. The people streamed to hear him from every quarter. His influence went out to the ends of Bohemia. He lighted his bonfires all over the land, bonfires destined to make a mighty conflagration. And there, under God's clear sky, the truth came to him in fuller measure. Christ became all in all to him. "Back to Christ," he cried with more emphasis than ever. And the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he spoke as one having authority, and not as the priests. And in the marketplace, on the street, on the highway the people repeated his burning words.

Then came the end. Huss was summoned to the Council of Constance. He wrote a farewell letter to the Bohemian people whom he loved so well, and intrepidly set his face toward Constance. The tigers were waiting for him. They played with their prey for a few weeks, then showed their claws. After months of confinement in a loathesome cell having the dimensions of a grave, the dungeon doors were opened, and John Huss, emaciated, broken in health, was dragged before his judges. Broken in health, but unbroken in spirit. There was the travesty of a trial. Judges there were, but no justice. He would not recant. Let them glare as they will and spit their venom as they may, but how could John Huss

recant? He was pronounced "a manifest heretic." They went through the childish mummery of degrading him from the priesthood. This was followed by a proclamation commending his body to the flames and his soul to the devil. And so this humble seeker of truth, groping for a clearer vision of God, found his way into that High Presence through the martyr's fire on July 6, 1415, on the forty-sixth anniversary of his birth.

"They do not fall who die in a great cause.
The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun;
Their limbs be strung to the city gates
Or castle walls; but still
Their spirits walk abroad."

When Huss voice was hushed it did not sink into eternal silence. It has gone on thundering through all the years since. His cry for liberty and pure religion is still heard on earth, and shall go on being heard until every shackle is broken, and the Christ, whose echo he was, shall have made all men free and all worship pure.

Huss appealed to the Bible as the only authority in religion; believed in the sole headship of Christ over the church; taught the priesthood of all believers; and rejected most of the sacramental system of the Roman Church. His message found a prepared soil. The Bohemians had the Scriptures in their own language. The Bible published in Prague in 1487 was "the first instance

on record of the application of the newly invented art of printing to the multiplication of the Scriptures in a living tongue." Huss' followers became even more evangelical than he was and multiplied until all Bohemia was radiant with the promise of leading the world back to primitive Christianity.

More than a century before the historical Reformation under Luther and Calvin, the new faith in Bohemia had become vital enough to send a missionary to Scotland, Paul Craw, who there gained the crown of martyrdom. On the parched desert of the middle ages sprang up the beautiful blossom of the "Unity of Bohemian Brethren." The Bohemian Brethren were Baptists in nearly every essential, differing chiefly in church organization.

After this hopeful beginning of the fifteenth century came the disastrous Thirty Years' War, followed by storms of hate and bloody persecution for ages. It is an old saying now that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The history of Bohemia affords a notable exception to this rule. The evangelical faith was well-nigh extinguished by fire, sword, scaffold and exile. The Jesuits of Austria made the nation Roman Catholic again. Bohemia was stripped of the glorious results of its past, and robbed of the best possibilities of its future. The systematic uprooting of Protestantism, which has its parallel only in the story of the Huguenots, reduced the population of Bohemia from three million to eight hundred thousand. The Jesuits

did their work so well that this "cradle of the Reformation" is today regarded, with Austria proper, as the last great European stronghold of the papacy.

The Second Reformation.

In spite of the storms of centuries a "hidden seed" survived consisting of such who cherished the writings of Huss and Comenius, and who secretly perpetuated their faith by implanting in their children loyalty to the Bohemian Bible. From this kernel we are now witnessing a new evangelical growth. On the ruins of the old Bohemian Brethren movement is founded our Baptist work in Bohemia.

True, Rome still keeps up her ancient intolerance. Our people can meet legally only for "family worship." No Sunday school is allowed. To distribute the Bible is forbidden. To give away a tract is to transgress the law. Baptisms are illegal, and have been attended by the whistling of shots, fired by concealed gendarmes.

Yet, in defiance of the law, in spite of every obstacle, our cause is growing. The first Baptist church in Prague was founded twenty-five years ago by Henry Novotny, and he is still pastor. There are now in Prague three Baptist preaching places and in all Bohemia twenty. Hundreds of Bibles are sold and thousands of tracts distributed every year.

Henry Novotny, the modern apostle of Bohemia, is a man of rare simplicity of spirit and of finest culture.

He is a pure Cech and was born in a village near Prague, in 1846. A devout Catholic until his twentieth year, he was then brought under the influence of the Presbyterian mission in Prague. Within a few months after his conversion he heard the call to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. Under the impulse of this impression he proceeded to Basle, in Switzerland, where he spent four years in the Presbyterian college, afterwards taking a further course in the Free Church College in Edinburgh. On his return home he became pastor of the Reformed church in Prague. But, as with Oncken of Germany and Nilson of Sweden, the Scriptures were too much for him. So in 1885 Henry Novotny resigned his church, journeyed to Lodz, in Russian Poland, and was there baptized by Rev. Charles Ondra. Returning to Prague he began to preach and influence people until sixteen were baptized and a Baptist church was constituted. Gradually the work has spread under the influence of our brother's self-denying ministry until in more than thirty towns there are now members of Baptist churches in Bohemia. The church established in Prague has lost many by emigration to America, but still has about two hundred and fifty members. Ten preachers have gone forth from this church to shine as stars in dark places.

Now that his natural force is abating through hardships connected with pioneering in a bitterly hostile land, it is gratifying to Mr. Novotny to know that his mantle is falling upon the shoulders of his son.

Joseph Novotny is the youngest child of Henry Novotny, and was baptized by his father in 1897 when the lad was but eleven years of age. Joseph is a remarkably gifted young man. Not yet over twenty-five years old, he has taken courses in our Baptist colleges in Hamburg and in Nottingham, and has studied in the universities of Vienna, Prague and Geneva. He has recently been going through his own country and adjacent regions doing the work of an evangelist, and has been greatly used.

The fiery speech, the zealous spirit and the attractive personality of Joseph Novotny won all hearts at the Baptist World Alliance in Philadelphia. He told several incidents which may serve to show that the old Hussite spirit is not yet dead, and that the choked wells are being dug out.

In one village some friends began to read the Bible and to pray. They gathered themselves together every Sabbath. One man came from a village a day's journey with a little piece of bread as his only sustenance, and asked to be allowed to read a little in the Bible, that he might learn the truth by heart to tell his neighbors in the village, because there was no Bible there. When the authorities heard of this they hailed the people before the Justice of the peace. The Justice asked them "What do you want? Are you dissatisfied with your church? Are you not satisfied with the priests? What is the matter?" The answer came all unexpectedly, "We

are dissatisfied with ourselves. Here in this Book is our only guide and our only hope for satisfaction."

Joseph Novotny's sister was a missionary in the Prague church and she told her brother one day that she had been visiting an old sick woman in the darkest part of Prague. She told her about Jesus and what she ought to do if she would be happy. The old woman arose and said, "Oh, I know it already. Look here! Here is my Bible. I read it." Miss Novotny was astonished to see a Bible in the hand of a Catholic woman. "Tell me, how did you get this Book?" she asked. "Oh, it is a long story," said the sick woman. "Seven years ago I had two boys, but they were very bad boys, indeed, especially the older one. He took away every penny and left it in the public house. All at once there was a change in his life. I did not know how it came. He said he used to go to certain meetings, and he learned there to pray and sing. He brought home this Book in which he regularly read. And then he entered the public house no more. My neighbors told me I could be a happy mother. I think God must have given him a new brain. I could not read the Bible then, and so he read it aloud. But soon he became ill, and so he could not go to the meetings. His illness was very serious. One day he told me he knew he must die, but he did not fear death. He sang and prayed and read the Bible; and in a few days he died. After his death the younger brother took this Book and read in it, and went regularly to the Sunday school. The priest soon knew that his

pupil went to the Sunday school, and he said that the boy spoke as 'a heretic' of the religious instruction received there. The priest punished the lad with a stick, imprisoned him in a dark chamber, and then asked him if he would go to the heretical Sunday school again. The little disciple of Christ said he could not help it; he would go again. Then the priest became so wild that he threw his scholar against the fireplace. The boy broke several ribs. He came home and became very sick, and died in a short time." "But how did he die?" said the old woman, with tears in her eyes, "With this Book on his breast, with peace, telling me about Jesus, died my dear son." "May I die as he," closed the happy woman her story. Was this little boy not a hero, a martyr, even as John Huss, or Jerome, of Prague?

The fact is that Romanism is not growing among the Bohemians. Outwardly it is active, but in reality it is disintegrating and losing its power. The better part of the Bohemian nation is tired of Catholicism. They have had experience of its religious emptiness. The towns and the educated people are even more accessible than the country. Henry Novotny has recently baptized a famous actress from the National Theatre, in Prague, and a brilliant young nobleman, a graduate in honors of the university.

The faith of the Baptists is congenial to the people. The Baptist preacher is greatly advantaged in that he can appeal to the glorious past of the nation. Its splen-

did deeds and heroic persons have been penetrated with the Baptist spirit.

Here, then, is one of our great opportunities on the continent, none greater. Could sufficient preachers and workers be supplied no bounds might be set to the work that could be done. The resources of Bohemian Baptists are pitifully unequal to their task. If the needs are to be met they must be supplied by American and British Baptists. Occasionally help has come from English and Polish friends, but in altogether inadquate measure to establish the work over so large an area. Surely the nation which incomparably more than any other has suffered for the Gospel and for freedom of conscience shall not look to us in vain.

The present pressing necessity is for a meeting house in Prague. The Baptists of Prague pay an exorbitant rent for a small hall. By sacrificial efforts they have secured a lot historically related to the reformed faith, on which they hoped to build a "Huss House" to cost not less than ten thousand dollars. Is it not well for the Baptists of Bohemia thus to link their work on to that of this noble martyr with whom they hold so much in common? And should not we, who share in their heritage, have a part in it? One of Longfellow's poems is founded on an old legend that the city of Prague was once besieged by an army of evil spirits, but when the cathedral bell sounded the hour of prayer, the prayers of the saints were mightier than the evil spirits, and the

besieging army stole away. May this legend prove prophetic of the triumphs of the "Huss House."

On July 6, 1915, the Bohemians will celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Huss, who is again becoming the national hero. We share with his spiritual descendants in Bohemia in cherishing the hope that the memorable occasion will touch the conscience of the nation and rekindle the torch that for centuries was nearly extinguished.

HENRY ALFORD PORTER, D.D.,
Louisville, Ky.

WILLIAM FETLER.

"Baptist!"

"Son of a heretic!"

"Deceiver!"

The boy at whom the words were shouted heard them, and his slender form straightened and he held his head high and his gray eyes flashed. It was nothing unusual for this crowd of idle boys and others whom he passed on the streets to speak to him in scorn and to point their fingers at him and laugh at him, but it had never ceased to hurt the proud and sensitive spirit of the lad. When he reached his home and closed the door, the hot tears came. It made him angry that they should hate his father, who was the best man in the village, kind to his family and always ready to help any of his neighbors who were in trouble. He remembered as his anger began to cool, how his father always told him to be kind, and to love those who tormented him, and never to speak to them in anger.

The boy was William Fetler and his father, Andreas Fetler, was pastor of the Baptist church in the little village of Tuckum, Russia. William was born at Talsen, in Courland, not far from the Baltic Sea; but before he could remember, his father moved with his family

to Tuckum. Here William went to the public school where he learned readily, but where he had many unhappy hours on account of the belief of his father, who read the Bible and believed it, and broke with the State church and preached the Bible doctrines to the people.

While he was still a young boy the Lord spoke to William and he gave his heart to Him and wished to follow Him in baptism. He knew what it meant to be baptized. He remembered that when his father baptized the first converts in the town, the people followed them to the river, threw the clothes of the men and women into the water, calling them "dirt" and "deceivers," and laughed and jeered, asking them how much they were being paid for being baptized. They threw stones at them as they went down into the water, and became so violent that some of the believers took refuge in the home of a sympathetic baron nearby. The angry mob gathered about the baron's home threatening his life as well as that of the Baptists, saying they would burn his home if he did not deliver the believers to them. But God took care of his own and no harm came to them nor to the good baron. When these believers had gone to the baron's home, Andreas Fetler with others of the brethren and sisters went back to the meeting house, thinking there they would be safe, but they were followed and large stones came crashing through the windows. William had seen those stones many times for they were piled up in a corner of the meeting house.

WILLIAM FETLER.

After this first time the baptisms were conducted at night and under many difficulties. On the night that William was baptized it was planned that they should meet at a certain place on the river bank which was suitable. When it was quite dark the little party stole out through the woods to this place, and what was their surprise and chagrin to find that the enemies of the faith had heard of the coming ceremony, and had preceded them to the place to prevent it. So they passed quickly and noiselessly on, going much further into the woods and passing through damp and muddy ways, found another place deep in the forest. They lost no time in the ceremony for they were ever expecting to hear the jeers and laughter of their persecutors.

After this, when William would appear on the streets, and the boys and others would cry, "Baptist, Baptist," they failed to make the boy angry, or to hurt his feelings, for now that he had the love of the Savior, in his heart he counted it a joy to suffer for Him.

William was a great help and comfort to his father in his work. When a lad of fifteen he would gather the young people together for singing and prayer, and often he would teach them poetry and special songs and would give entertainments for the amusement and good of the town. Many of these young people were saved through these meetings. He was always busy. When not helping with the Sunday school work or with the young people, he was reading or studying. He loved

poetry and in his spare time wrote many excellent verses.

At sixteen he left home to take a position as a bookkeeper in a bicycle store in Riga. There he went to work again among the young people and took a great interest in the Sunday school. Soon after his coming he was made president of the Young People's Society and his earnestness and zeal were remarkable. Under his influence a paper was published regularly to which the young people contributed and which did much good. During four years spent in Riga a purpose grew steadily in the mind and heart of William Fetler to give his life to preaching the Gospel; his plan being to study for several years in London and then go to China as a missionary. He went to Spurgeon's college for four years. During his stay in England freedom of faith came to his home land and he at once decided to go back and preach the Gospel among his own people for whom his heart was yearning. This was a direct answer to the prayer of Mr. Carter, president of the Pioneer Missionary Society, who had been praying for a preacher to take the Gospel to Russia, and who, when William Fetler entered the college, said to himself, "This is the man for Russia."

For about a year after Mr. Fetler's return to Russia he went from place to place, preaching the Gospel and baptizing many believers. But his heart turned toward the great city of St. Petersburg, where there was no Russian Baptist church and he went there and found a

little Lettish church to which he began to preach. His sermons drew many Russians, and soon the hall where the Lettish church had been meeting was crowded out and they rented a larger hall. More and more the congregations became Russian, and many Russians were converted until they were so strong that they left the Lettish and formed a church of their own, with Mr. Fetler as pastor.

Several years before Mr. Fetler came to St. Petersburg, there was a little company of believers, who did not call themselves Baptists, but who would meet secretly, gathering one at a time, at the home of one of the believers. They accepted the New Testament as they found it and were immersed. Some of these came to the meetings when they were held in the Russian Baptist church, and Mr. Fetler recognized them as fellow believers and learned that they had been immersed. His home was in the house of Princess Lieven. It was there he came to know the believers and they to know of his work and belief. Many of them joined the Baptist church and were given at once special work to do. Mr. Fetler always emphasized the fact that when one was converted it was not only for his own personal salvation but that it was his business to work for others, trying to lead them to the Savior. Members of his church are all evangelists, preaching the Gospel to those they meet on the streets, in the cars, and they preach the Gospel most effectively by living it daily before their neighbors.

Soon the hall grew too small and other preaching

stations were opened in every corner of the city, over which members of his church preside. Preaching services are held in one of them each night of the week and Pastor Fetler preaches in the main hall almost every night also.

Mr. Fetler is very fond of children and has gathered many of them into his Sunday schools, which are called children's services, and large numbers of these have been saved.

One of the most interesting phases of his work was his midnight meetings at which were gathered from the streets of the city those who were deep in sin. At times the hall would be crowded with these people who had been invited by the believers to come to the hall. There would be a service from eight until ten o'clock for believers only and then these men and women would go out on the street and begin with one or two, telling them of the Savior and His love for them, and soon a crowd would gather and tactfully they would be led to the hall where Pastor Fetler would begin the meeting promptly at midnight. Many have been the remarkable conversions of these men and women of the streets and their changed lives have preached many powerful sermons.

One young girl was brought into the meetings and after the service came forward and gave herself to God. She showed Pastor Fetler a letter which she had in her pocket. It was a farewell to her friends and acquaintances. She had meant to commit suicide that very

night. When she entered the church her heart was hard and as the preacher said, "You are all sinners," she pointed mockingly to herself and said laughingly, "I a sinner." But the spirit of God touched her hard heart and when the pastor gave the invitation for those who wished to be prayed for, hers was the first hand raised and the tears were in her eyes as she came and gave herself to God. She left her life of sin and went to the home of one of the believers.

It was inconvenient to be always driven about from one hall to another, paying rent and never feeling settled. So it entered Pastor Fetler's heart to build a prayer house which would be adequate to the needs and would reflect credit upon the Baptists of St. Petersburg. The church was unanimous and enthusiastic in their support of this building and all the members gave all and much more than they were able. Many of the members and some of the sympathizers gave their gold rings, and bracelets, and watches, and some even had the gold rims taken off their spectacles and steel put on that the gold might go into the building of the house of prayer. So the dream of Pastor Fetler began to take shape and in September, 1910, the cornerstone of a magnificent building was laid on a beautiful site near the center of the city.

Mr. Fetler was present in Philadelphia and by his dignity and earnestness won the hearts of American Baptists. But he had trouble getting away from Russia. The St. Petersburg authorities would readily have given

him permission to come, but shortly before leaving for Philadelphia, he went to Moscow, preached and made some converts. When the authorities there found that he was planning to come to the Baptist World Alliance, he was put under arrest and a passport was refused him. Through the intervention of his friends high in authority at St. Petersburg, a concession was made. A passport would be granted if he deposited five thousand roubles (about two thousand, five hundred dollars) as bail for his appearance in the fall. This concession was not meant to concede anything, as it seemed improbable that a poor preacher should be able to give such a large bond. But on hearing the conditions the London headquarters of the Alliance at once telegraphed half the amount and the Russian Evangelical Society furnished the other half. Then an old charge of several years' standing was hunted up, a charge of winning converts from the Greek church, and another arrest was ordered. He was warned and cleared across the border just two hours ahead of the secret police.

He said of his work in St. Petersburg:

"By the grace of God I began Russian Baptist work at St. Petersburg now nearly four years ago. The spirit of God has been working mightily in our midst ever since. We have baptized during this time over four hundred at the Capital and some other places, where we have been preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Over a thousand have been registered at St. Petersburg for our Saturday night meeting for believers.

Such a spirit of unabating eagerness to know more about God is among the people, that we hold meetings every night during the year, winter and summer. In summer months, though it is not so hot with us as in the States, yet the halls get so crowded with people, that sometimes it is almost impossible to speak. In a letter received the other day from one of my workers, I am informed, that just now the atmosphere in our meetings is as it were electrified with heat, because of the crowds of people, and compressed air. But they rather undergo that than stay away from hearing the Word of God. I have a preachers' training class where some forty of my lay preachers and helpers, converts themselves, learn how to tell others the good news. Also a number of Sunday schools and young people's societies have been formed.

"In view of the great need to work among the educated classes, I have started a Thursday night lecture for the students of St. Petersburg University and High Schools. Both men and lay students have been attending these lectures in large numbers and with growing interest. Several have been converted who are now helping to spread the Gospel among their fellow-students. The work has been developing in the city and neighborhood, until now we have about a dozen hired halls for the Gospel work. For many months already we have been facing with anxiety the problem, where to gather the crowds willing to hear of Jesus.

"We have bought, by permission of the czar, a lot of land, and have started to build a large prayer house,

to hold over two thousand people. We have the Tabernacle half-way up and *Ebenezer,* thus far the Lord has helped us! But now every kopek has been spent. Personally, I have put everything I could in the work; health and time, strength and weakness, and *all* my money, and over that some fifteen thousand roubles, or about seven thousand, five hundred dollars, which sum I borrowed on my responsibility. The building has been stopped for lack of funds. 'Wait,' said we, 'we shall go over to our great American brothers, vast in numbers and limitless in resources, and they, no doubt, will gladly finish what we have begun, to put up the First Baptist Prayer House in the capital of Russia.' "

In the following lines Mr. Fetler voices his country's cry:

THE CRY OF RUSSIA.

Will you listen to the cry of Russia?
Will you hearken as her children weep?
They are hungry—but the fields are barren,
They are thirsty, and the well is deep.

Yea, and deep in sin their soul is sunken,
Miry clay, foundation for their feet.
Ages came and went, but no glad footsteps
No one came whose heart would warmer beat.

And they suffered till their chains grew rusty,
And they waited till their eyes grew dim,

When for life in very death despairing
Of a sudden they were told of Him.

Him who suffered long before, and for them,
Him who waited long for their return;
And as Russia's children heard their Shepherd's Story,
How they wept for joy, and hearts within did burn!

And they clung to Him as loving child to mother,
And again to suffer they began.
Now, however, *smiling* in their exile,
And in chains they praised the Son of Man.

Chains at last are broken; distant exile places
By the Cross are changed to Christian homes.
And the Word is preached throughout the mighty empire,
Both in peasant huts and in the princely domes.

They are waiting, Russia's millions, waiting,
Only a few are freed by Christ as yet.
Who will go, and who will help the going?
Hasten then, before the sun is set

—Sadie Starke,
Louisville, Ky.

VASILIA PAVLOFF.

(An Autobiography.)

My home is in the city of Tiflis, the metropolis of Transcaucasia, Russia. My parents belonged to Molokani, a sect akin to the Quakers. Into Tiflis the Baptist faith was brought by a German artisan, Martin Kalueit, who baptized the first Russian convert, a merchant, Nikita Voronin; the last gathered a small congregation of believers that consisted of seventy-eight souls in 1870. In the same year I was converted through the grace of God and joined with this church. I was sixteen years old. Immediately after my conversion I began to witness about Christ and had joy to see the first fruit of my labor in conversion of a couple. After a short time the elder brethren caused me to preach in meetings.

In 1875 I went to Hamburg, Germany, in order to get more knowledge of the Word of God and Baptist church polity, where I remained about a year. At that time there was only a missionary school with a six months' course, but arriving in Hamburg I found there no more school in that year. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of the founder of the German Baptist churches, late Rev. J. G. Oncken, who took

interest in me and instructed a preacher, P. Willrath, to give me lessons in German and theology. In 1876 I was ordained by J. G. Oncken as a missionary and returned home to Tiflis.

On my arrival home I found the church increased in numbers, it having forty members, among whom were my parents, who joined with the church in my absence. At this time we enjoyed yet of the religious liberty and I preached the Gospel to hundreds of souls that frequented our congregations.

In the autumn of the same year I made a long journey with Br. S. Rodionaff together, in mountains of Transcaucasia as far as the Mount of Ararat and Caspian Sea, baptizing believers and laying foundation of many churches among the Molokani. In 1880 I was even recognized by the government as a Baptist pastor. This freedom we enjoyed until 1887. In this period I undertook many prolonged missionary journeys to distant governments as Samara, Don, Tourida Mohiley and other places where I also preached the glad tidings and baptized many persons who built a nucleus for the future churches. In 1884 the known Colonel Pushkoff convened us to a congress in St. Petersburg that aimed to unite all believers in Russia at which among others were present Dr. Baedecker and Lord Ratcliff, but the partakers of this congress among whom I was too, were arrested and sent out from the city home and a little later the initiators of this congress, Colonel Pushkoff and Count Karf, were also sent abroad.

VASILIA PAVLOFF.

In 1887 Pabeolonoszeff, head of the Orthodox Greek Church, took a set of cruel steps to stop the Baptist movement and inaugurated an era of cruel persecutions. In Transcaucasia we were the first victims of his cruel regime, namely, Brother N. Voronin and an Armenian pastor, A. Amirchanianz, and myself, who were sentenced without trial to four years of banishment to Orenburg for the propagation of the Stundism. In March, Amirchanianz and I, one day, were suddenly seized and cast into prison (Brother Voronin was not at home), where we spent ten days with common criminals, and in consequence of intercession of our friend we were permitted to take with us our families and go into exile for a term of four years in attendance of a policeman at our expense.

Returning home from this exile in 1891 I had been asked by the police to give pledge not to preach the Gospel any more, or as they said "to make no sectarian propagandism," which I decidedly refused to do for conscience' sake. After a short time I was again arrested and cast into prison without permission even for my wife to see me. I was soon *per etape* without taking leave from my family and brethren. My way went from one prison to another about forty days long; when we were going we were chained in couples on the left hands, but in prison our chains were taken away. I was to pass into eight prisons till I arrived at the place of my exile, where I was put under the oversight of the police, not having right to leave the city without permission.

My correspondence was also under the censure of the police.

I was sent alone and my family came to me later, but I had not long time to live together with them. In July, 1892, the Asiatic cholera raged dreadfully in the city and bereaved me in a week of my dear wife and four children; and one child, a girl of twelve years old, a week before was drowned while bathing in Ural, so that I in a fortnight lost all my family, save one child, a son of nine years old, who lives till now. This blow was the hardest of all.

As the soil was tilled in my first exile I could have more success in my second exile; when I arrived at Orenburg, I baptized at once fourteen souls, and during another four years of my remaining in this city there were converted and baptized through me and my co-workers, especially in villages, about one hundred and fifty souls from whom I organized three churches and ordained the three presbyters at taking leave of them and the city. I was challenged to public disputation with Orthodox Missionary M. Galovkin on religious subjects in the seminary and Orthodox churches, so that on these disputations with me were present priests, seminary pupils and other people, oftentimes three hundred persons, so that these disputations roused a spirit of searching in religious questions.

At the end of my second exile I received a call from the Russo-German church in Tultsho (Tulcea) in Roumania to be their pastor and I accepted this call and

went to Roumania, because the persecution in Russia was yet in full vigor. I spent there about six years, visiting sometimes also Bulgaria. My work there was blessed through converting of sixty souls. I had opportunity to show hospitality and help to many persecuted brethren that passed over the frontier.

When the persecution in Russia a little abated the church at Tiflis invited me again to return home and I followed this call and came back to Russia in 1901.

About six years I worked in Tiflis, where I found the church divided, but after much labor I had the joy to see them united in one body.

In 1907 was founded a mission society over which I presided three years, but as the hoped freedom was not realized and we could not get legal permission for its existence, we were compelled to disorganize. This society had engaged every year from twenty to twenty-six missionaries who preached the Gospel and spent for this purpose more than four thousand dollars. We availed ourselves also of the limited liberty and arranged large public evangelization meetings in theaters, auditoriums, tea-houses and other public houses in several large cities. Our last congress in St. Petersburg promoted our cause and made it known in large circles.

At present time I am working in Odessa, a large, beautiful city in south Russia with half a million of inhabitants where I came in 1907. I preach in a large hired prayer-hall that seats seven hundred and sixty persons. Our gatherings are always crowded, especially

Sunday evenings. During my activity here in space of three years were added to the church one hundred and eighty-five souls through the baptism. The last year rose many stations in the vicinity of Odessa as in Tiraspole, Bendery and Kisheney. Among the converted there are two nurses who formerly served in a hospital but were discharged for their witness about Christ. They are now working as deaconesses on their own will and have access to noble families. We have here three Russian, one German and one Jewish-Christian congregation of the baptized Christians.

I am also editor of the weekly Christian Magazine, "The Baptist," that is the official organ of our denomination. I could not discharge all my duties if I had not an excellent assistant in the person of a young man, Brother M. Timoshanks. I labor on the edition of this paper without capital and wages and it is very difficult to carry on this work that gives till now deficit.

Concerning the religious liberty, I have to say that it is yet very limited, though we are in better condition than before the revolution. We can now print our own literature and permitted services are not dissolved. But the Minister of Interiors defends very carefully the established Church and enacts circulars that do very considerably limit our rights. Recently he published regulations that forbid the services in the open air and all processions, save funerals, that includes our baptisms; further the Sunday schools and young men's associations are forbidden without special permission; the last can

be permitted on one condition that no Orthodox youth shall take part in the gatherings of our youth, neither the children of our believing parents when they are registered as Orthodox and above fourteen years old.

In many places our members are beaten and their gatherings are dissolved by mob, as for instance, in Siberia a mob entered the house of one brother where was a prayer-meeting, dissolved it by gun-firing and tried to kill him. Another occasion occurred in Bretalpashinsk, the Province of Kuban, where the mob prevented the burial of the Baptist preacher, Yourasshenks, who died soon after the attack on him by a mob, while he was preaching in the meeting. The brethren were compelled to carry off his corpse ten miles away in order to bury it. It was buried on the estate of our Brother V. Mamontaff.

MADAME VASILIA PAVLOFF.

Madame Pavloff's picture appears in the frontispiece group, the second from the left in the center row, at the right of her husband. The first thing that strikes one upon meeting Madame Pavloff, as, in fact, was the case with all of the messengers from the continent of Europe to the Baptist World Alliance, in Philadelphia, was her poise. She was calm in her self-possession, grasped one's hand with firmness and smiled pleasantly. The impression came at once that she was fashioned to be the wife of the fearless, aggressive and masterful Pavloff. It is easy to see how she was always ready to go with him at an hour's notice upon any suggested missionary tour where journeys on foot, stones, and even prisons, were along the way. To questions asked her she quietly and concisely said:

"My work has consisted principally in helping my husband in his teachings and sharing his hardships. I joined him during his second exile in Siberia and together we starved and fought for existence.

"What perils we faced, what sufferings we underwent make me shudder yet when I think of them. Often death would have been easier for us, but we struggled on, strong in faith. Thank God those days come no more."

A CHILD IN A LAND FAR AWAY.

Once on a time there lived seven happy, healthy, little children in a small house with a lovely garden behind. It was not in America—no, dear! Please take a map and you will easily find the heart-shaped land of Bohemia. It looks on the map just like a heart in the midst of Europe, and because of sore persecutions, it has proven a broken heart. When you look in the center of this heart on the map you will find the city of Prague. So there! That's the place where these happy children lived. Their parents were poor, but they were rich in God. The father has been a Baptist minister, but do not think of a large church. No. dear! He started to be a minister in Prague but had not a single member. Just imagine! But still he faithfully started and faithfully worked. Worked hard. Hard, because the whole land is Roman Catholic and it is very hard to work among these people. The mother of these children helped the father. Now, I will tell you a secret: it was my father. So my mother helped my father. How? Well, first of all, she said, she will have a Sunday school with her own seven children. Dear me! Wasn't it a beautiful Sunday school! When it was fine weather, we went to the garden behind our house, got

some chairs in the little tent and mother was our teacher! She was a good, dear, noble teacher, too. Oh, those b'essed hours at her feet! I am now quite grown up and I have a little daughter myself—but I will never, never forget our Sunday school at home. But very soon we were not just seven, for our circle grew large. We told our fellow pupils in the day school about our lovely Sunday school at home. Didn't they look at us with envy? I'm sure they did. So we said: "Well, if you like, do come next Sunday."

So next Sunday, one little Catholic sheep after another crept silently into our fold, fearing a little whether my mother would not turn them out. But dear me, there was no reason to fear. Mother smiled at every one and said she was so glad they came. They came Sunday after Sunday. But you know what happened? The priest in the day school heard about it, that his Catholic children "are unfaithful to the Church and visit the heretic Sunday school at Jungmann's street at the Baptist minister's house." So there was a great commotion the next day in the school and the priest forbade every one to go to our house. We were so sad.

But listen. A boy came again and again. It was a pale, thin-faced, tiny, little boy of about ten years of age. We liked him very much, though his dress was very poor and he seemed always so hungry. Mother liked him and petted him. She told him about Christ's love to every child, about Jesus' salvation and redemption: He was very attentive to what she said, and mother taught

him how to pray and to ask forgiveness for his soul. Also he loved the hymns very much and was fond especially of the one: "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

This all happened about fourteen years ago. Years went quickly by, the seven children became grown up people. The oldest one—Harry—became a minister to help his father, but died at the age of twenty-eight. The younger son, Joseph, went into the footsteps of his father and brother and works today in Prague as a minister in the church his father founded many years ago.

In the meantime much has changed, many things came up out of our memory; the Sunday school at Prague became larger and larger, the faces in the rows of children changed, one new child came, others went and we never knew what became of the little thin-faced boy.

Now some time ago a lady in Prague—her name was Jarolimak—told me, "There is an old poor woman, down in a dark street of a suburb of Prague, she is very ill—won't you come with me to see her?" Of course I went. We came into a small, dark room, where poverty evidently had been quite at home. The air was heavy and damp, the room dirty, untidy and cold. On a poor bed I saw the old, half-blind woman, who at the sight of us cried, "May God reward you, I am so forsaken, forgotten here."

Then I spoke to her about the love of Jesus and we helped her as much as we could. In a little while she said, "Please, there in the wardrobe is a Bible rolled up in

a cloth. Would you read for me a little?" I thought it would be a Catholic prayer book, or some other book, but I did not expect to find a real Bible in this Catholic house. But indeed, it was a dear, good, old Bible. "Where did you get it from?" I asked. "Ah, it's a long story," she said. "Do tell me," I prayed.

"Many years ago, I had a grown-up boy, who had been bad and wicked. He was the sorrow of my life. His father had been a drunkard and I feared my boy would take after him. He went to public houses, spent all his money there dancing, drinking and playing cards. Sometimes he took my own money secretly and spent it with his bad comrades. I did not know what to do; he wouldn't listen to me when I asked him to lead a better life. So I prayed to God that he might try either to change him to be good or to take him away. At one time unexpectedly he changed. I do not know till this day what it could have been. He started to visit some secret meetings—it was in the Jungmann's street. There he learned how to pray and at home he sang most beautiful hymns. Never more did he go to dance and even if I said to him he might go once more, he wouldn't go. My neighbors noticed at once this change and several of them told me that I ought to be thankful to God for such a boy. I couldn't explain this change, so I thought God gave him another brain. There in the secret meetings some one gave him a little Bible (it was a New Testament). He loved the little book so much, that he carried it always with him and whenever he had

a few minutes time, he read and read. I never could read and beside this I am half blind, so my poor boy read for me aloud and sung hymns for me. He always said, 'Come, mother dear, sit down next to me, I will read for you.' Sometimes I had too much to do but he said, 'Let your work go for a minute, never mind your work, come and listen.' Oh, it was a happy time. One day someone knocked at the door and a man stood there, asking whether we would buy a Bible. It was a colporter from the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has a depot at Prague. My boy prayed at once, 'Oh mother, do buy one, do! I will pay you for it when I shall get well and can work again'—for he began to be ill at that time. So I bought this very Bible from him. My boy got ill with consumption and was unable to go to the meetings. But he read at home, sang and was happy. But he didn't pray as I do! No, dear! He never prayed to all the saints, to the Virgin Mary, to the angels—no! He always spoke with Jesus like a friend speaks with a friend. He also told me, that in the church where he used to go, they baptize only grown-ups, which are believers."

This was all told me by this mother, and she did not know that I knew well all about those meetings at the Jungmann's street. But she was not at the end. She said:

"After the death of my poor boy, Joseph, his younger brother, Vaclav, took possession of the Bible and read in it. Then some children in the school told him to go to

some Sunday school and he went. It was the same place where Joseph used to go. Some lady had been there telling the children about Jesus and taught them to pray, to sing, and my little Vaclav liked this Sunday school ever so much. At home he used to pray just like Joseph, who died, and most of all hymns he liked the same one, 'Jesus Loves Me.' But a sad thing happened. The priest at the school learned that the boy was attending a heretic place of worship and he chastised him for having anything to do with it and forbade him to go anymore to the Sunday school. However, the lad did return; his life became beautiful and week by week he developed as a Christian. His conduct had been generally bad, but after he went sometime to the Sunday school, his conduct changed. But news was carried to the priest that his orders had been disregarded. The priest sought the lad and rebuked him for taking up with what he called 'these new ideas.' The little fellow looked into the face of the priest and innocently remarked, 'Excuse me, sir, these are not new ideas. I am told they are very old ideas.' At this remark the priest lost control of his temper and hurled the boy against a stove, breaking some of the bones in the little fellow's chest. The boy also received internal injuries from which he suffered great pain. Then followed two long years of sickness and pain. Slowly the boy faded away. He died at the age of fourteen years."

It is now twelve years ago since this little hero died. When his last day came, he said, "Mother, today at four

o'clock I will go. I had a beautiful dream, oh, it will be every thing so nice and sweet, but before I go, I must thank you and all our neighbors for all you and they have done for me in my illness." The neighbors came and were moved to tears, when the boy spoke of his death at four o'clock and thanked them all. Then they waited very anxiously until it all ended. Before the clock had struck four, little Vaclav Smejkal died.

I was told that once in a religious lesson in the day school, when the priest explained to the class something of the New Testament, this little fellow said, "I beg your pardon, sir, so it is not written in my New Testament it is so and so." This brought the priest, of course, into a rage.

The old mother was very glad when I told her that I went to Sunday school with her little boy, that it was my mother who taught us and that my father is the minister of whom both her boys spoke at home. She was so glad and we became close friends together. Then several of our members came to visit her and help her. She was very anxious to hear and to learn to read the Gospel. Once Mrs. Jarolimak, member of our church, came to read for her and found her having her Bible open on her lap. Mrs. Jarolimak smiled and mother Smejkal said: "You know, I cannot read, but it was too long for me to wait for you, so I just turned one leaf after another and thought in the meantime about Jesus. Then I prayed."

Once again her little granddaughter about four

years of age came to see her. The grandmother said: "Let's have a prayer-meeting, dear." So the little girl took the New Testament, the grandmother the big Bible and they both turned one leaf after another speaking about Jesus' love. Then both of these "little ones" tried to pray.

When mother Smejkal recovered a little from her illness she came several times to our meetings and opened her heart to Jesus. But again she got ill and it is now two years ago since she died and passed on to be by her two boys who had found Jesus in our Sunday school.

MADAME LYDIA KOLATOROVA (nee Novotny),
Brunn, Moravia.

KAPUSTINSKY, EXILED MARTYR.

Deeper grew the blackness of the forest, profounder fell the silence, enveloping all things. Even the late night birds had ceased any twitter; the River Desna that ran along the edge of the woods seemed sighing in sleep. Often had this midnight silence been slightly broken by the cautious tread of human feet, by two hushed words spoken to a young man who stood guard in the narrow path that ran into the forest. But even this had grown less frequent.

"Do you suppose father could have passed us, Anton, and we not known it?" asked a low voice of the young guard.

"Hardly, Ivan—then mother knows that I am on guard tonight."

"List— sh—. I hear others," whispered a third voice, that of a yet younger brother who sat on the ground, his ear against it. He sprang to his feet and stood beside the two taller youths.

"That must be they," he said intently. All was quiet again, except the tread of cautious approaching footsteps. Two figures could be vaguely discerned in the darkness, one tall, the other small. The youths listened for the pass words.

"Our King," sounded presently from the taller outline.

"That's them," cried the youngest of the three youths and sprang eagerly from behind the tree.

"Each of you here?" asked the smaller outline.

"I'm here, too, brothers," came an unexpected sound.

"Not so loudly, babe," quickly cautioned the mother.

"Why it's the little Katrine!" welcomed the three brothers as with one voice. Her small figure of eight year's growth had been hidden by the other two. The faint sound of a far distant bell began to fall on the darkness; it was a village clock striking twelve.

"You are late, father," said Anton.

"Yes—we tarried tonight to pray for our boys," he answered. Instinctively the mother put out her hands and somehow in the dark found Ivan and Gregory and drew them to her side.

"Come," said the father. "Be alert, Anton."

"Would that I could witness the baptism of my brothers." Anton took the hands of his younger brothers and pressed them warmly. "My brother soldiers under Our King." The darkness hid the proud flash of the eye and the princely toss of the head, but the smothered words carried the fire.

The little group of five moved off leaving the young guard alone. They had not gone a great distance before they came to a wooden cottage. It was the home of Brother Makroff, a farmer of the Province of Kursk,

in the southern portion of great Russia. Many times had quietly gathered there those who desired to worship God according to their own hearts and consciences. Greater had been the danger for such groups anywhere since the fateful 13th of March in 1881, when occurred the horrible death of Alexander II. The death of this czar at the hands of the Nihilists wounded Russian liberty with a deep and deadly wound. Since then more cruel had grown the persecutions. Wherever gathered those whose hearts worshiped contrary to the Church of the State, there was peril. Only at night did such dare to gather for worship, and on special occasions at midnight. This was one of the nights of special occasion. Just as the group reached the cottage the door opened and a figure was outlined in the light from within.

"Ah, Brother Kapustinsky!" ejaculated a voice as the light fell suddenly upon the group. "We were growing uneasy."

Together they entered the cottage. The benches surrounding the room, the middle of the floor, and the top of the stove, were crowded with neighbors from near and far. A few Scripture texts adorned the walls; all ikons or holy pictures had been removed. In one corner of the room was a table and upon it lay an open Bible and several hymn books. Behind this table the tall figure among the little group, Kapustinsky quietly took his stand. His powerful, soldier-like body commanded immediate attention.

"Pardon me for being late—your time has been

profitably spent in Bible study with Brother Makroff to lead you—but most of you know how great is this night for me." He stopped abruptly. The voice was that of one who was accustomed to command. The minds of many sprang back to the renown he had gained for his good service in the war of 1877 between Turkey and Russia. His duty had been to superintend the cartage of provisions to the scenes of the conflict in the south. But not only to his fellow soldiers of Russia had he brought the food necessary to their warfare. While for these his wagons had gone down laden, neither had they returned to Russia empty! Many a consignment of Bibles and Testaments had been brought into the domain of the Holy Synod by his skill and daring. There were those in this room who owed to this man their true Bread of Life, brought to them in one of those Bibles. It was all of these things that the momentary tense silence spake on this auspicious night.

"Tonight," went on the voice, deep with emotion, "My two boys join with us, brothers, fellow-soldiers, under our common King, even Christ." The father-heart of the soldier-man was uppermost. Instinctively he put out his hand towards the boys. With a common impulse they stepped close to his side and stood there; Ivan, the older, with head erect; Gregory, the younger, scarcely passed eleven years, with arms folded and eyes bent upon his father.

"Gregory is the youngest in our midst," Kapustinsky smiled for a moment upon the boy. "He is proud

of the name he bears, called after Gregory Skovoroda, that great soul who traveled this country far and wide, scattering the good seed of the Kingdom, talking in homely fashion to the people about their souls and the Savior. But prouder is the boy this night that he may go down with others to the River Desna and there be buried with this Savior in baptism and rise again to serve the One who has saved him."

"Even so—Amen!" came assent of many voices as with one accord.

"We lingered long in prayer. It is late—shall we go now to the river?"

Quietly those gathered in the cottage filed out. Another path they took and marched silently down to the banks of the River Desna; continually was heard the whisper of murmured prayers.

"Oh, I wish that I, too, might be baptized," said the little Katrine to her mother, as the long line formed along the river bank.

"Why, little one?"

"Oh, like my brothers now, and Big Brother Anton was last winter. May not I?"

"Not yet," answered the mother, and added, "Not because of the brothers."

It was the service of what is known as the Believers' baptism. They dared let no songs give signal. Only murmured prayers, the low voice of Kapustinsky as he spake the solemn words over each one who stood with him in the water, the gentle disturbance of the water

as each soul was buried in baptism with the found Savior and raised again to walk the new life—only these things broke the midnight stillness. Before the passing of an hour the service was over, the converts were cared for, the entire assembly was back in the cottage for some final words of love and prayer. Wonderful was the radiance that played over the faces as they spake one with another.

"List!" The word shot dagger-like through the room. Breathless was the sudden silence. The signal! To others it might have meant the call of a night owl—to these it meant God could only tell what.

"Let the mothers who have babes at home be gotten away at once," quickly spake Kapustinsky. Involuntarily he glanced at his own Katrine; they had left two in their home. Several women slipped through the crowd and out the back door; among them was the mother with the little Katrine. Hardly had they passed out at the rear door when at the front door appeared the police. The entrance of the visitors created a wild panic. The monjiks and the womenfolk arose to their feet and remained standing in silence.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed an officer. "You are at it again. We have caught you at another of your meetings."

"What are you here for?" a St. Petersburg official inquired, looking around. There was silence for a few seconds, then a quiet, respectful voice spake.

"We are here to pray to God, batushka."

"Why do you not go to church and offer your prayers there?"

"The church is full of ikons which we must not worship, and God will hear us if we pray to him here."

"Where is your picture?" interrupted a policeman. For every Russian must have in one corner of his room a holy picture, or ikon, before which, as often as can be afforded, he must burn the intercessory candle. To fail to do so means arrest and imprisonment.

"I have no such thing," replied Makroff bravely.

"You defy the law of the Holy Synod—"

"Stay, friend," interrupted Kapustinsky, stepping between Makroff and the officer. "We defy no one—we have the highest veneration for the czar and his high advisers. But our Bible teaches us to acknowledge no king over our conscience but the Christ. He who truly repents need not burn candles before pictures, for Jesus is the Savior, and not St. Nicholas, a St. Jonah, or even the Virgin Ma——"

"Put the irons on them, men," shouted the head officer. "Flog those you wish." Dire became the confusion. Makroff and Kapustinsky suddenly felt themselves handcuffed and fastened together by a short chain. Pleas for mercy, cries of pain, as the lashes of the police began to fall right and left, rose in one unintelligible tumult.

"To Kieff with your prisoners!" finally called the head officer. "Now, no more of your secret prayer-meetings," he drawled to the exhausted human beings he

left behind, some sunk upon chairs, some falling to the floor. With the clank of chains and threats from the police the prisoners were headed toward the historic city of Kieff.

Into the prison at Kieff, the cradle of Russian Christianity, the prisoners were thrown—a prison as foul, vermin infested, sickening, as all others. Only a few days did Makroff remain. His house and his ways were known to the authorities. He had been in the habit of allowing Gospel meetings there. Souls had been saved and many persons had been baptized in the river that ran through the farm. The arrest had been postponed only awaiting the opportunity to catch him in the act. For such a notorious heretic as he there was no need for a trial, so, without trial, he was banished by administrative decree for five years to Transcaucasia and there placed under police surveillance. For when it was found by the Most Holy Governing Synod that the public trial of "Sectarius" drew increased public attention to their doctrines, and excited hostility against the Greek Orthodox Church as the originator of the persecutions, the method was invented of "exile by administrative order." Authority was freely given to representatives of the government in the various localities to pass sentence of exile without even a pretense of a trial upon all persons suspected of attempting to propagate heresy, or otherwise offending against the Russian Church. Under this system of "exile by administrative order" many thousands of believers suffered cruelly, without a hearing, and with-

out the slightest possibility of redress. No man could be sure it would not be his turn next to be seized and transported to Siberia, White Sea, or Trancaucasia.

It is no wonder then that great was the anxiety of the heart of Katrine, the mother, and difficult was it for her to quiet the questions of the little Katrine and the boys when they learned the fate of their good friend, Makroff.

"Where is Transcaucasia, mother?" asked Gregory.

"Many hundred miles, on the border of the country of Persia."

"But they will not send our father there, will they, mother?" half whispered the little Katrine. The mother smiled sadly at the child, but gave no answer. "Will they, mother?"

The tramp of feet at the doorway saved her from answering. Anton and Ivan were returning from their weekly visit to the prison at Kieff. She had gone once, taking all the children.

"The news today, boys?" She was on her feet in an instant.

"Nothing new," answered Anton. "His fellow-prisoners have grown kind—they have ceased stealing from him. He persisted in returning the evil they did him with services of love and one by one they have begged our father's pardon."

"And, mother," interrupted Ivan, as if fearing he might forget, "Do you remember the Prussian we saw chained hand and foot in the cell? He heard father telling of the love of Jesus and the poor man wishes to

know more. Father says we must bring him a German Testament the next time we come."

But it was not until the group had grown quiet again and they had gathered around the table for the prayer-time that Anton gave his special message to the mother.

"Father told me to say to you," spake the youth, stooping over her as she sat in her chair with the open Bible in her lap, "That often is he reminded of the ravens who brought food to Elijah; and of Daniel who in the lions' den was strengthened by God. God is still the same now as ever, and in His great mercy careth for His people." There was a moment of silence, then with lowered voice. "It would be better to worship God in a far away country, than to be an exile from God's Kingdom here in our native land."

"Anton, what is it? What have you heard?"

"No definite fact, mother—but something of the great work father did during the war with Turkey in using the return provision wagons for bringing Bibles to the starved souls of our country has been learned—"

"Anton," interrupted the mother, "we must see about selling our home and settling our affairs." Her eyes were tense with mental activity.

"Perchance we can go as he goes, and not wait to follow."

Several weeks passed ere Katrine was able to carry all of the children on another trip to Kieff. This time they journey by way of the River Desna, thence into the River Dnieper, landing at Kieff. Had one noticed care-

fully, one would have said that the family group was coming for a long stay. Up the steep hill they climbed and sought the street that led to the prison. As they turned into the street there was evidence that something was on hand; the crowd was great; further along was the sound of jeers and taunts.

"What is it?" asked Gregory of a boy.

"The criminal gang going to exile," he shouted reply.

"To exile—" the words blanched the faces of the mother and children. The procession was at hand. The heavy clanking of chains could be heard. The police marched in the front, at the sides, and in the rear; in the center moved the ones who bore the chains forged around their ankles. The hair of half the head of everyone was shaved; the garb of every one was the dress of the convict. Katrine, half forgetful of the babe in her arms, peered madly into each face, instinctively, not that she would allow herself to really think that she might recognize a face. Suddenly she found that face!

"Anton—Anton—it's your father—there—he is there!" The shriek rose above everything; involuntarily the procession came to a half stop. There were a few oaths from the police and again the procession moved. For a moment Katrine seemed to swoon but when the procession began moving, she started up like a half wild creature and fell in behind it; the children pressed close to her, the little ones sobbing. The distance to the railway station was not great. Having reached there the

woman broke loose from the children and pushed her way to her husband. Kapustinsky had heard the shriek, had recognized it, had lacerated himself with his chains as instinctively he struggled to be free, had quickly taken in the situation that she was following. He was deadly quiet as she came up to him, fearing lest any movement on his part might send her away.

"Which place?" breathlessly, as she reached him.

"To Gernssi." His chains rattled.

"We are going, too—no, I didn't know—I just thought we would come here and wait, we sold the farm. We are ready to go—we have our money—but I didn't think it would be so soon," ran her words incoherently. The boys, Katrine and the other little sister, were seeking their way through the crowd to the parents. Suddenly there was a cry of fright from the little Katrine; one of the head policemen had seized her by the arm and was turning her back; with his other hand he struck the boys with his club.

"The Governor-general has sent word that all children must be left behind!" he shouted ruthlessly. Wild-eyed and stunned Katrine stood as one bound to her place, her free hand still held that of her husband. She was aroused by a policeman dragging her babe from her right arm.

"Here's another," he was calling to a fellow policeman. "Take them to the pope. He will see that they go where they'll obey laws. He will immerse them into the Greek Orthodox Church, first," he added with a

contemptuous smile, as he was putting the crying infant into the hands of the policeman who was obeying orders. So many personal tragedies were being enacted in so many different spots that the scene attracted little attention.

"Give me my child!" The mother sprang suddenly upon the man and snatched the babe from his arms. It flashed through her tortured brain that still other policemen were laying hands on the other children.

"Kapustinsky!" It was a cry of despair. He saw what she had seen.

"Stay with them, Katrine." The chains of the prisoners were beginning to rattle; the whistle of the steam engine sounded; the harsh orders to march were heard above everything.

"Katrine—Katrine," seizing her left hand and clutching it with the clutch of death. "Katrine—we will pray—do you hear? Pray—every—day—that God will bring you and the little ones to me—" there was a lash across his shoulders; he was detaining the whole body of prisoners. Katrine fell back. It was the arms of Anton that caught her.

"Mother—they are taking the children!"

Like magic were the words. She sprang up and out from the crowd. The little sister and Gregory she finally secured; Ivan had snatched himself away. But the little Katrine could not be found. Back to the mother's mind came the memory of having heard of how one

mother had been robbed of four children; another, of seven; a third, of three little daughters.

"We will stay right here in Kieff and keep forever looking," said Anton.

"And forever praying—do you remember, did you hear them, Anton—the last words of your father?"

"Yes, mother, and while we pray we boys will work hard and we will save every kopek."

Thus in the city of Kieff stayed Katrine and her children, looking day by day for the stolen little Katrine, working, planning, praying—all for one purpose—while through the many days traveled Kapustinsky across the many hundred miles of southern Russia to the city of Valdikwakas. This small city of between twenty and fifty thousand inhabitants lies on the northern slope of the Caucasian range of mountains. From here begins the long tramp of the exiles into fastnesses of desolate Caucasia.

It was in the year 1890 that Kapustinsky began his march over the rough mountainous roads, his chains clanking at every step he took. With a criminal gang he walked, and under military escort. Two hundred miles it is to Tiflis. From thence he traveled by a little-used track over the mountains to Schuscha, about a hundred and seventy miles; from there another hundred miles brought him to Gernssi. Exciting, indeed, was the journey, abounding in perilous passes and gloomy ravines and gorges; not infrequently was seen lurking some outlaw. Sometimes he came upon a mud hut, or a cave in

which dwelt men and women exiled as he was, for Christ's sake. Here they "wandered in the mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," those "of whom the world was not worthy," Heb. 11:38. Scattered over the district of Gernssi on the Persian frontier, are thirty or more exiled families, nearly all of them Baptists, a few being Stundists. The few inhabitants of the region are Tartars; with these there is no possibility of speech as none of the exiles can speak their language.

The little track of the mountains ends at the Gernssi settlement. Here Kapustinsky was told he might cease his journey and lay aside his chains. As he took them off he saw how the links shone like polished silver. His first feeling was that of vague, dumb wonder as to where he should find food, where shelter. He knew that no dwellings were provided by the government. A cave, a hole dug in the ground, was his only hope. For a long time he was too exhausted to look for either. The next day found him little better.

"Lord, give me strength lest I die here without my loved ones," he gasped, and forced himself to move further on. Not far had he gone when he came upon a mud hut. He called faintly and a figure came to the entrance. Kapustinsky fell back on the ground, aghast.

"By the grace of God, do I live, or do I dream!" he gasped. The man in the door was straining his eyes.

"Is it—no—can it be—it is Brother Kapustinsky!" he was questioning.

"Brother Makroff!" Life came to the stricken form

and he sprang to his feet and into the arms of his now weeping friend.

For many days dwelt Kapustinsky in that mud hut, nursed and fed by his neighbor of old. When his strength was restored he went out and sought for a place to dig his own mud hut; and there, often times, Makroff helped him again. With joy he told his brother one night that it was finished.

"Join us in prayer, Brother Makroff. My Katrine and I pray that some day, somehow, she and the little ones may come to me here. I have made my altar in the home—even this day. It were sweeter far to die here together, if necessary, in the joy of the Lord." As the days, the weeks, the months went by others of the exiles scattered throughout that desolate district came to know Kapustinsky and for what he prayed and watched and worked. They had been forbidden to gather together for prayer, but, thank God, there is no power that can prevent the human heart from the prayer within its own closet. And so many and tender were the prayers of these brothers in exile, separated though they were in outer form.

It was in the early spring of the following year when Kapustinsky received word that his loved ones were on their way; they had chosen to take the sea voyage, crossing the Black Sea, and thence landward to Tiflis. Thrice active became Kapustinsky's energies. Much effort was needed for himself alone to wrest a living from the stony soil with practically no proper imple-

ments and in so severe a climate. He succeeded in securing some water-melon seed and smiled as he planted them, thinking of how the children would love the fruit. When the seeds had sprouted and the vines began to grow, then finally the fruit began to appear, he tended them with almost a parent's affection.

One morning as Kapustinsky stooped over his melon vines he became conscious of an approaching cart, then sounded suddenly shrieks of joy. He stood up quickly and looked around. They were the voices of his Katrine and his children! The first to reach him was the little Katrine, throwing her arms around his neck and breaking into sobs and laughter. As to whether they laughed or cried the most no one could tell. It was a long time before it began to dawn upon Kapustinsky that the little ones looked sickly, that all were hoarse, that Katrine coughed harshly and her hands were feverish. Terrible anxiety suddenly chased all the joy from his face.

"Oh, we fared so well until we reached Tiflis," said Katrine in haste. "But we have had to come from there over these hundred miles of mountains in that open cart. Oh, think not of it," she pled piteously. "Let us have our joy; we are united again. Let us thank God. Have we not said in our home there in Kursh, that we had rather die in exile together than to be separated, or to be false to our Bible and to our conscience?" It was true. The children had heard them say it.

"Come let us thank God in our new home," said the two with a common impulse. They sought the scooped-

out mud hut—it was home, sacred and glorious; not an eye, young nor old, but beamed with joy and love. Together they kneeled down on the damp earth floor to thank God for their reunion.

Not at all did the joy decrease as the weeks followed; though the mother could not shake off the cough; though it was difficult to get enough to eat.

"Never mind, our melons will soon be ripe," encouraged Kapustinsky, as the heat of the summer sun reddened them. "We can eat one tomorrow," he finally said one night. The children went to sleep thinking of the melon as in some countries children go to sleep on Christmas Eve thinking of a good man named Santa Claus who brings presents on that night. It was the little Katrine that was the first out the next morn. Her happy skip stopped abruptly before the melon patch. She stood rubbing her eyes, with mouth agape; suddenly she turned and ran back into the hut for her father.

"They are all gone!" she cried dragging him out with her. The others followed them, all except the mother, who had lain sick upon her bed for many a day. It was true. Before them was only a tangled ruin of trampled and broken vines.

"The policemen have done it," said Kapustinsky. His great body trembled for a moment. Was it wrath, or was it despair that shook him so? "They destroyed a neighbor's cabbage patch one night, and cut off his mule's hind feet," he added lifelessly. The little Kat-

rine had thrown herself upon the ground and was sobbing wildly.

"Come, Pet," said the man piteously. "Try not to cry, poor mother is so sick."

It was not for many more days that the mother suffered. God took her home.

"It is so sweet to be here," she murmured, as she felt her husband's arms around her. "Sweet to die here—we worked—we prayed—God opened the way for us to come—we are—here—together—" and then she slipped away.

The news spread around through the district. The other brethren crept long distances to be with their friend. It was sweet, indeed, to hear their simple prayers as they crowded inside the hut, and bowed together before the Throne. One day one of the number was stopped by the pristav, a policeman, in charge.

"I hear you are having prayer-meetings."

"Oh, not ordinary prayer-meetings," was the alarmed reply. "We have not held an ordinary prayer-meeting since they were forbidden."

"But you have been having prayer together!" exclaimed the officer impatiently. "Don't try to get out of it!"

"Brother Kapustinsky has lost his wife, and we have prayed with him to show him our brotherly sympathy," pled the man.

"Ha! Kapustinsky, indeed! Holding prayer-meetings in his izba. Well, Kapustinsky shall hear of this."

Hear of it, indeed, did Brother Kapustinsky. One day, soon afterwards, policemen appeared at his door and served a sentence on him for his removal to an awful solitude called Terter; in that spot there was no access to human sympathy. To Terter he went with his children, and dug out another hole in the earth for a habitation, and built around it a rough fence to keep away the wild beasts.

In this place Kapustinsky lived a few months. Much he talked with Anton, helping to find some light for the children's future. "There is the country of America—keep your face that way, Anton. I am glad you came with your mother, boy. It was the true soldier—*you* did not have to come."

On that last night his spirit drifted between the visible and the invisible. The children hung around him for a word.

"Have I been a good soldier?" whispered Gregory.

"Brave—oh, so brave—" then his words began to murmur excitedly. "A great host—yes—they are coming—they are with us, boys, (then we are not alone?)" with perplexity, "you, Gregory—you'll be a man then—you'll go over to see them. They will come over and help us—Anton, it is—America—" The rapture of the vision tore his spirit and the body fell back upon the pallet, lifeless. The little children gazed in famished, speechless wonder.

That was the group the pristav found the next morning as he went his rounds.

"You're no exile," he said gruffly to Anton. "You can get on back—I'll help you with these," he added with a toss of the head to the children.

MARGARET A. FROST,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

BARON WOLDEMAR UIXKULL.

He dawned first upon the Baptists of the world at the first session of the Baptist World Alliance, London, 1905. In reporting that meeting I wrote:

"Baron Woldemar Uixkull, a Russian, is here, and he is a favorite at all times. He is a large, blond body of charming manners. It is easy to count him a baron. He is extremely modest and yet his bearing is that of one who is ready for all emergencies. He is a man of few words, but he has a winning smile, suggestive of sympathy and good fellowship. He is always present and evidently is deeply interested in the proceedings and the men who are pressing measures for larger things. He is easy of approach, but no man has put his hand upon him."

He was a glorious discovery everyone felt and as time has so well proven. He read by appointment a comprehensive paper in English, giving the political and religious condition of Russia, and especially of the Baptists and Stundists, the latter he pronounced as being on the way to the Baptists, but sadly limited by lack of education and culture. He reported that there were already in Russia about twenty-five thousand Baptists and perhaps more Stundists. He pled for help

for the sadly, the brutally, persecuted brotherhood in his country and suggested that what was needed most was a training school for their rising ministry. He was invited to America and the next year he came, and he attended both the Northern and Southern general Baptist bodies and found a warm brotherly welcome and a hearty response to his message. It was a joy to have him as a guest and to hear him tell in quiet, yet in graphic words of the sad needs and the heroic sufferings of our brethren in his home land. Baron Uixkull opened Russia to the Baptist world and laid the first foundations there for ministerial education. His theological seminary was closed by the government, but the aid given by the American Baptist Missionary Union and the work achieved by his training school, which he moved from Lodz to Riga, aided in bringing a new Baptist era in Russia. Ten of the younger ministers who came from Russia to the Philadelphia session of the Baptist World Alliance had spent more or less time in this school. It is good to know that though the school is closed by law, certain informal meetings are yet permitted daily, where instruction is given. The bulk of the money raised in America by Baron Uixkull is safely deposited in a German bank and only the interest is being used for defraying the current expenses of the instructions being given.

Before freedom of belief was granted in Russia, and even in these later days, this heroic nobleman has suffered greatly, both in body and in possessions. He

BARON WOLDEMAR UIXKULL.

was not wealthy, but he possessed means which enabled him to relieve much suffering on the part of his more humble brethren; but his means have been diminished by such aid and by repeated fines imposed by the Russian government. His health has become impaired, but he fights on, true to every obligation. He says:

"Reval, Russia: My Dear Brother in Christ: I thank you very much indeed for your letter full of Christian love. It was so kind of you to remember me. I was indeed sorry not to attend the great congress in Philadelphia. My health is not good; my foot makes me trouble. I cannot go without pain. I spent this summer in the Caucasus among the peoples of Ossetes, Ingusehees, and Tschetshenzen, who have no idea of Christ and His message. The Ossetes are Christian Greek Orthodox by name and listen eagerly to the Word. Nine of them are converted. They have no Bible and no liberty together. We do here underground work. You can't imagine what difficulties we have, both with authorities and darkness of the peoples—but Christ's presence is with us."

When in America, Baron Uixkull related this incident, which gives a good picture of the situation then and as yet in Russia:

"A Greek Orthodox sister came to me and asked to be baptized, and I tried her and she was really a child of God and she understood the Scriptures. But the others said, 'Brother, it is too dangerous; the Greek Orthodox will send you to prison and banish you to

Siberia.' They said to the sister: 'Go tomorrow on the sea shore at sunset and the brethren will come with a certain man, and you ask him, "Is this Philipus?" If he says yes, you ask him to baptize you and he will baptize you, and then when the police find out you are a Christian and ask who baptized you, you can say "Philipus".' How many times, how many times we have taken into our meetings the Greek Orthodox sisters and brothers! How often the police have come in a mob and broke up the meetings! With sticks they would send us away, and the preacher they would take and put in prison. How many times brethren have been sent to Siberia and died there!"

In the following statement Baron Uixkull gives in his own words the story of his conversion, a story full of pathos and power:

"I have been asked to tell you how I was converted, and how I came from death to life and from darkness to light. I was born a Lutheran in the Lutheran Church. My parents were Lutherans and the education I received was worldly rather than religious. We had no Sunday school in Russia, and dancing and driving were my pleasures. Through bad books and bad friends, by and by I became an atheist. I did not believe anything; I did not believe in God; I did not believe in eternity; and I was not happy. I feared to die. I tried to do what seemed to me just and good, but sin was always mightier than I. Then God sent a revival to the province where I lived, and when I heard that

persons were gathering in their little houses, praying the whole night, I thought that was madness. I thought they were fanatics to pray and preach the whole night; but when I saw the life of those people I was obliged to say it was a good life. I knew a man who was a drunkard and a thief, but when he was converted he did not drink any more; several others paid back what they had stolen and confessed their sins; so I thought religion must be a good thing for uneducated people.

"When the brethren came to me and asked if they could have meetings on my estate, I said, 'Yes; and I will build them a hall where they can gather,' as I thought it would be profitable for me if the people would be honest and my servants would not drink. After the hall was finished they asked me to be present when it was opened. I did not like to attend a religious meeting, but thought it was right I should be there the first time, so I went. They sang and preached and prayed; after the meeting I shook hands with the brethren and said, 'I wish you all success; may you convert many people. I think this movement is very well for the peasants.' They said, 'O no; it is well for everybody.' I replied, 'People with higher education do not need it; the Bible is a book written no differently from any other book.' They said, 'It is the Word of God,' and I went home. They had two sorts of meetings; one where they called sinners to Jesus, confessing their sins to Jesus, and then there were others where only children of God met; and they said, 'We will pray for

the Baron until he is converted;' but I did not know that they were always praying. I was troubled in my heart. I was alone in my home, and the Lord sent me difficulties, and I thought it would be a good thing to have a friend to speak to about all those things and difficulties, and I had nobody.

"I thought perhaps the Lutheran pastor in my neighborhood could give me good advice, and I went to him. He was not a spiritual man, but God gave me good advice through him as I spoke to him and told him of my troubles. He said, 'There is only one who can help you; that is God;' and I said, 'Pastor, how can I pray? I do not believe in God. You know I do not believe in God.' He said, 'I cannot give you any more advice.' So I went home but was not satisfied. I found a book at home, a new one of Tolstoi's, very interesting, and I read it. It was the book 'Why Do We Live.' Tolstoi says, 'We live to love, and only his life is blessed and happy who loves.' He says all great philosophers, all wise men in the world, have also said, only this life is happy where there is love. He said that Buddha, Plato, Socrates, Confucius, and Jesus of Nazareth all teach it, and I liked this teaching. It was something I could accept. Tolstoi spoke more of Jesus than of Socrates or of Plato or of Buddha. I liked Jesus as a great man, as the French people like Napoleon or the German people like Goethe, and I wished to know more of Him. And I thought, where can I read about Jesus? Then I remembered my old Bible that I had when I

was a boy in school; so I found it and began to read the Gospels. Jesus was very interesting to me; His personality, His teaching, His life, His kindness, all were so attractive; and He seemed to grow and grow before me. Then at last I thought perhaps He really is more than a man. I was troubled. I did not know what to believe or what to think. Some people say He is the Son of God. Some people say He is only a great teacher. Which is true? What shall I believe? Then I remembered that the pastor told me to pray. How could I pray? I did not believe it. I can try.

"My first prayer was in October, 1890, in the night. I prayed, 'O God, if You are there above, then show me the truth. I do not know if You are there above, but if You hear prayers, then show me the truth.' Then I went on reading the Gospel of St. John. The book was changed; there was a new light in the book. My eyes were also changed; there was a new light in them to see things in the book. Jesus was so beautiful and so great in my eyes that I saw He was really more than a man. He was truly the Son of God. Then the Spirit of the Lord began to teach me and to show me that if He was the Son of God, how precious was His life and His blood that He gave for us—oh how precious—much more than the life and blood of one man, more than the life of all humanity together, because humanity is only His creation, while He is the Creator. So His life and blood are worth much more, and His blood is so precious; then the sins of all men are paid. Then I thought,

'Well, if the sins of all men are paid, then mine also are paid.' Then came the joy, the heavenly joy in my heart, and then began my life—before it was only death. But now came the real life and the happiness, and I was inexplicably happy with Jesus; and I know that my name has been written in the Book of Life and my sins have been forgiven.

"Then I thought, now you must be honest and go to those converted men and say that they were right and you were wrong. One night I went to a meeting of the children of God. I said, 'I have something to tell you—you were right and I was wrong. And now God has shown me the truth, and your God is my God, your Savior my Savior, your Bible my Bible.' They said, 'We have prayed many times for you, and now God has given us what we asked;' and then we went on our knees and prayed and thanked God that He saved sinners. When we stood up after the prayer, an old brother put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Now you must also confess Jesus because it is written, "He that confesses me before men him will I confess before My Father and His Angels." ' And I said, 'That religion is for better educated people; and I have not studied theology, I cannot preach.' They said, 'That does not matter; the Holy Spirit will be with you because you believe in Jesus, and He will teach you how to speak.' And so by and by I became a preacher."

J. N. PRESTRIDGE, Louisville, Ky.

A STUNDIST'S CONVERSION.

The sun was going down behind the forest and his last rays fell across the snow and the field. The land stretched out in one unbroken level before the eye. Near the forest was a village, through which ran one long street, lined on either side with one-story frame houses, roofed with thatching. Between and behind the houses were small gardens. The day's task was done. Some of the peasants were coming into the town with potatoes and rye to sell; others have brought hay from the meadows; still others were bringing wood and dry branches from the forest. Animated groups were gathered here and there on the street. The news had spread that a stranger had arrived. And it was said that there would be a gathering in the evening in the house of Evan Kelmenko and that everyone was welcome.

Peter Vasiliaf thought he would go and hear what this stranger had to say. He had heard that Evan and his friends did not attend the Greek Orthodox Church any longer and that they had removed the holy pictures of the saints from the corner of the room—the pictures that every peasant has in his home. He knew that

Batiuschka, the priest, was very angry because Evan was spreading the new teaching in the village and that several times, when there had been illness among the cattle, or a drought, Batiuschka had said that it was a punishment of God for the heresy, which Evan was spreading. And sometimes at the village saloon, Peter himself had spoken disrespectfully of those anti-Christs and heretics, ridiculing and mocking them.

But this time he resolved he would go and hear this stranger. He was soon on his way to Evan's home. As he strode along he received many admiring glances, for he had a fine, well-proportioned figure. He had on the customary high-topped leather boots reaching to the knees. He wore a coat of fur, with the fur turned inward. He also wore a fur cap. As he approached the house he heard a Russian hymn, harmonious and melancholy, sung with a live and stirring tempo as it came from consecrated hearts. He took off his cap and went in.

The room, large but low, was already crowded. It had been transformed into a meeting hall. As there were not seats enough, they had placed plank from chair to chair, thus forming rude benches. At one end of the room was a table covered with a white linen cloth, upon which were two lighted candle-sticks, giving an uncertain light in the room. The women were seated on one side and the men on the other. As the benches were filled, Peter remained near the door, standing with other young men.

After the hymn was sung, the owner of the house stood and invited the people to worship God. He said: "God is everywhere. As near in the house as in the church, as near in the field as in the wood. It is possible in a simple prayer to draw near to God. God is love. And God is willing to bless those who gather in the name of Jesus, His beloved Son. Kneeling, he gave utterance to the feelings of his heart. He thanked the Lord that his eyes had been opened and that his sins were forgiven. He prayed that all in the room might have peace with God. He prayed for guidance and direction for the preacher, who had traveled so many miles to speak to them."

Then the stranger stood up and began to preach. He first read 1 Cor. 14:20-25. Then he said there are different tongues in the world. There are tongues which curse and lie and revile the people of God. Peter thought: "Well, that means me. How often have I cursed when my horse could not draw the sled out of the wood. How often I have laughed at those who are singing the praise of God." Then the preacher said that God would give a new heart and a new tongue—a heart full of love for God and man and a new tongue to praise the Lord. He related how many times those who once ridiculed and mocked had received new hearts. He told how necessary it is to be guided in all conversation by God, but especially when preaching the Gospel, in order that the hearts of the unconverted may be touched and they may be converted. He said that

the secrets of men's hearts are revealed and they fall down and worship God. As the preacher thus spoke, Peter fell on his knees, exclaiming: "I am the man. I know you tell the truth, for you have described just the kind of man I have been." From this time Peter attended the meetings, and though he had much to suffer for the Gospel, he was ever true to his new-found faith.

This is a true recital of a Stundist conversion in a Russian village. If men and means were provided this scene might be reproduced in thousands of Russian villages.

Baron Woldemar Uixkull.
Reval, Russia.

BLOSSOMING INTO BAPTISTS.

The Spirit of God has been mightily at work in Russia and men have proved their faith by every test. They have endured poverty, imprisonment and martyrdoms enough to give us sufficient material to write a Book of Acts ten times as large as that in our New Testament.

The touch I have had with these people gives me faith to believe that there will grow in Russia a Protestant force which will send to us across the sea the inspiration which we need in our own lethargy.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

I know Wassily Ossipowitch Rachoff, born in Archangel, who spent eight years in solitary confinement in the cloister prison at Susdal; and this is his story: He was twenty-two years of age when he was converted through reading the New Testament. He was then engaged in business in Archangel and the Spirit of God sent him into the surrounding villages to teach and to preach the Gospel to the poor. Such poor as there are in the district of Archangel are not to be found anywhere else in Russia. They are so degraded by their

poverty that they live like animals and act like them. The coming among them of Rachoff was like the coming of the Messiah. He taught the children to read and write; he read to the older ones out of the New Testament; he fought their thirst for vodka and conquered their appetites; he preached and lived to the conversion of their souls. Men and women were changed, whole villages revived from their stupor into which ages of neglect had cast them.

The priest, who himself was a drunkard and a gambler, did not relish the message of this newcomer, and Rachoff was driven from the district. He left the extreme north and went to the south, where no one knew him; he began his activity by teaching and preaching, living in a suburb of Odessa, where poverty and vice were completely at home. He felt the horror of it all and it overwhelmed him. He knew that Odessa was a wealthy city, and he wanted the help of the rich in his redemption work; so in order to impress upon them their responsibility, he rose in his seat in the theater, before the performance began, and pleaded for his people. He was arrested, sent back across the country to Archangel, lay in prison, but was finally permitted to go. In Kiev he was again arrested, again sent across the country to Archangel, and again cast into prison. All the time he was like a brother to the prisoners. He exhorted, preached, ministered and saved. He converted his jailers so that they left the doors of his prison open, that he might come and go at will.

At Archangel he performed the modern miracle of changing cold water into warm soup, of transforming slums into homes, and literally feeding the "five thousand" twice a week. Educated and wealthy people came to hear his preaching and he read the gospels and explained them, while the poor ate and drank. But the government closed his house of refuge, forbidding him to feed the people or to read to them. Undaunted, he went from hut to hut, and his influence is felt today among that wretched population. He founded an orphanage, a trade school and a hospital; but while he was at the height of his ministry he was again arrested. Nothing was found to incriminate him; for he had never taught anything contrary to the established faith. The governor of the city defended him against charges of political activity; nevertheless, he was torn from the arms of his father and mother, from the hundreds of thousands of poor whose brother he had been, and was sent to the Convent prison of Susdal. The mother died there a few months after his imprisonment, and the father, going from authority to authority, pleading for his son, was also crushed by the task and by his sorrow and died within a year.

Not until two years ago (1904) did Rachoff leave the prison, broken in body and in spirit, a perfect wreck. Rachoff illustrates a type of Christianity not uncommon in Russia; for their are thousands and tens of thousands

of them, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, . . . who had trials of mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were torn asunder, they were tempted; . . . being destitute, afflicted and evil entreated" (of whom Russia was not worthy).

BLOSSOMING INTO BAPTISTS.

In the government of Saratoff there are communities nominally belonging to the Greek Church, which, as soon as religious liberty becomes a fact, will blossom into Baptist churches. The whole South is honeycombed by sects, more or less like us, in faith and in practice.

Should American churches come to their aid, they will find many strange things. They will find a primitive faith among these people, undisturbed as yet by the questionings of the higher criticism. They will find crude and ancient practices, down to the washing of really travel-stained feet; they will find that most of these Christians believe that the Gospel is not poetry but real prose, and that its law is as binding today as it was upon the early church. They will find new, rich wine, which will not fit into our old wine skins.

"God's" still "in His Heaven, and all's right with the world" even in Russia.

E. A. Steiner.

From the Congregationalist.

BAPTIST FILE-LEADER OF BOHEMIA.

Tindrich (Henry) Novotny was born 1846 on the 12th of July, in Lhota Resetova, in the east of Bohemia. This part of Bohemia is the purest with regard to the national language. In the Germanizing time (after the Thirty Years' War) this part remained pure Cechish. In the anti-reformation time this part of Bohemia had many secret "Bohemian Brethren". The father of Tindrich Novotny was a very interesting man. He was an enemy of the priests and sympathized with the Protestants, who were beginning to live again in that part of the neighborhood. Though a Roman Catholic, he was a business man and the mayor of several villages in Bohemia, and closed his eyes when they worshiped their God in "an unlawful way". He was one of the leaders of the new epoch which came in 1848.

When Tindrich was only four years old, once when sitting near the window, he looked through and saw in the street a crucifix and asked the astonished mother: "Mother, is this Jesus a living Jesus?" "Of course," said the mother. "But he never moves!"

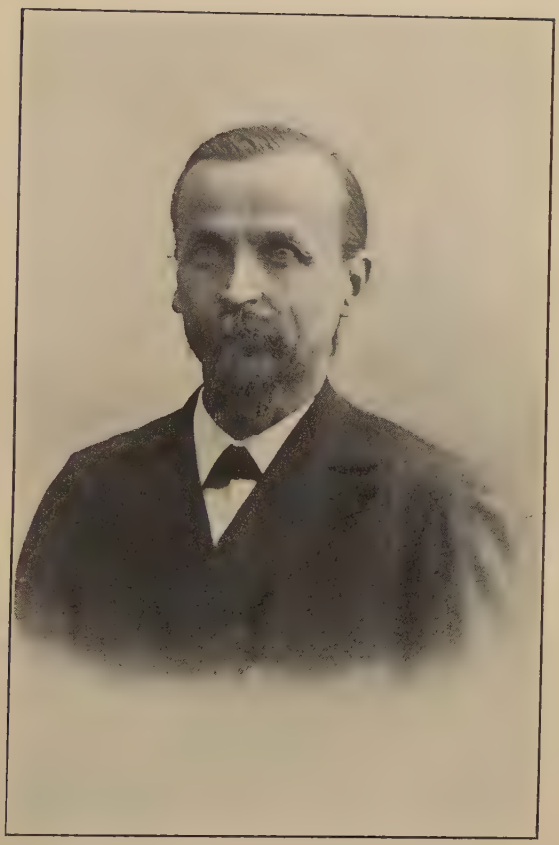
When Tindrich, his only son and his pride, started

to go to school and began to think about religious matters, the father sent him to a secret religious meeting in the village (a Protestant one), and the young Tindrich soon was the "reader" of the Bible to the congregation. He was soon so acquainted with the Bible, that when one day one of the Protestants in the village died, and because the pastor could not come, the young lad Tindrich was called to be the "pastor at the funeral."

He preached about the text Philippians, 1:21, and after the funeral, the people in the village said to each other: "This boy ought to be a pastor, he ought to study!" When the father of Tindrich was dying and the Roman Catholic priest came to bring the Holy Communion, he turned his face and sent him away and allowed only Tindrich to read to him the Bible and to pray with him.

When he died, the priest refused to attend the funeral of the mayor—so he was buried in a grave, which was not sprinkled with the "Holy Water" (a great offence for the Catholics).

Tindrich remembers that when he was a boy and was sent by the father to the near big town, on the way he used to weep, because he had many inward storms; he saw the great contrast between the Roman Catholic Church and the religion of the New Testament. He longed for light. Once when he was again in the meeting and was reading the Bible, he decided to be a Protestant, and he said it loudly: "I want to be a Protestant, who will be my witness?" (That was necessary at that



HENRY NOVOTNY.

time.) And he did it, still a young lad (about eighteen years of age). But this was only a step to his future complete conversion. In this time was Tindrich a very promising young business man. He had valuable experiences and a good capital as well; he wanted to have a business for himself. In the same time some of the Protestant pastors saw his evangelical gifts and tried to persuade him to leave his business and go for theological study. He refused for some time, but at last decided to obey the voice of God as well as the wish of the pastors. In 1870 he went to Basel in Switzerland and remained there in the theological seminary four years. Then he was called to Prague as an evangelist by an American mission society. In 1875 he married Anna Kastomlatska. In 1881 he went with his wife and two children to Edinburgh, Scotland, to study in the Free College there. After coming home, he continued in his work. As he was an industrious reader of the Bible, soon arose the question about the baptism. He helped himself with compromises. First of all that both the ways of "baptism" (immersion of grown-up people as well as the sprinkling of infants) are biblical; but it was difficult to find the biblical arguments for it. The second difficulty was (when he was half persuaded) that he had a good promising work in the church (Free Reformed) and that this question would mean a great battle and perhaps the loss of situation. The last difficulty was, however, only a little one, as he thought to get easily rich as a good merchant, because

he used to be a very experienced business man. He started to preach about baptism and spoke with several pastors about the question.

Soon they were afraid of his question and Tindrich Novotny lost his situation as an evangelist because he was a "dangerous" heretic on the baptismal question. For a short time he was alone, left alone by all. In the meantime the Baptists in Russian Poland (the church at Lodz) heard about him and called him to Lodz. There he was baptized, 12th of February, 1885, by Brother Ondra. At the baptismal service he preached on why he wanted to be baptized. Then he traveled in the different churches, and then they wanted him to be the co-pastor with Brother Ondra at Lodz (the largest Baptist church on the continent, now about two thousand members). On the 15th of March, 1885, he was ordained as a Baptist minister at Zyrardow. He got calls from Vienna, Austria, and from Saxony, but he tried to persuade the brethern to send him as a Baptist minister to Prague, Bohemia, to work there amongst the Roman Catholics. At last his ideal was realized, and on the 25th of March, 1885, a Baptist church was constituted near Prague with sixteen members. It was a day of small beginnings. The little Baptist church had a very little property, almost no religious liberty, no hymn books, no cups for the communion, no gowns for the baptism, but they had one great and valuable property, an enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God, and this property at last brought golden

fruit. The greatest difficulty met at that time was the authorities. They wanted to destroy the Baptist church. The pastor was called before the court numberless times. He was three times before the highest Imperial Royal Court at Prague. The Catholic newspapers brought reports full of lies about us. Really there was a time when the pastor was obliged to go to the authorities every Monday to report what he was doing. One of the judges said: "If I could, I would put you into the idiot's institute!" When the number of the members increased, my father built at his own expense a little house in the suburbs of Prague. This was the

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN BOHEMIA.

They bought chairs and all the necessary things. But the joy was only for a short time. The authorities ordered to put out all the chairs and pews and to close the house. The poor pews were outside, it was raining on them, people laughed about it. What to do? My father decided to take them into his private house. Since that time the services were held in his house. The Baptist church was then let for private use. But the house was soon not large enough, and so my father by help of a friend abroad hired a larger hall. But because it was allowed only "in a dwelling place" a young brother was obliged to sleep there, as "in his house." Three times the church changed their hall, because it was always not large enough. At present

we have a good hall for about two hundred people, where we pay three hundred and fifty dollars a year for the rent, and this hall is now always full.

The beginnings were very hard. Once, when my father preached in a village, an armed policeman arrested him and he was obliged to go with him about two hours to the nearest police station. My father used these two hours, and because he could not preach in the village, he preached to the policeman. In the police station they did not treat him very nicely and wanted to imprison him. He was far from home and they did not know anything about him, where or what he was. He wanted to go home, but how to do it? He got a happy thought: he had some visiting cards from distinguished English Baptist brethren. So he at once took those visiting cards and showed them to the chief policeman and then he said; "You don't treat me as a gentleman; do you know who I am? These gentlemen are my friends!" The policeman was afraid of the English visiting cards, and therefore said: "Excuse me, sir, would you like to go home?" Of course, he did not wait for another invitation to go home.

The judges got so acquainted with him that at last they recognized his sound ideals. Once when he was before the authorities, one of the judges after having been very cross with him, because of his endless preaching, called him into his private study. There he said to him: "Now, Mr. Novotny, I speak to you as a friend, not as a judge, don't bother about us, if you

can transgress the law very skillfully, do it, but we must not know anything about it."

A very interesting event in the persecution time. My father came to a village and held a meeting in a house of one of our members. Afterwards all of them were obliged to go an hour and a half to the next town before the authorities (forty-six persons were called). The judge asked our host who invited the people? He said: "They came alone." Then they asked my father, why he preached. He said: "I came to the house and there was a company of decent people and they asked me to tell them something, so I did." Then the judge asked the people. One woman said: "I really did not know that our law punishes people who pray and read the Bible; I am astonished." Another woman said: "Please, sir, I have at home my only property, a goat; she is quite alone, she would die; will you allow me to give her enough to eat before I go to prison?" They asked my father why he did not send the people home. He said, he was himself a guest; he had no right to do it. In the different villages the policemen asked the people when the Baptist pastor will come again, but they never said when.

My father was a hard worker. He soon started several branches in his church; Sunday school, young people's guild, choir, mission meetings. And he was the head of everything (even the organist), so that he usually had on Sunday, seven different services.

He was also very busy in the literary life. He

published for information, booklets about the Baptists, numberless tracts, brochures, and was for eighteen years an editor of a monthly religious paper.

With great difficulty was given the religious instruction of our children. Our children could not go to father's class because they had no note from the authorized religious instructors. His daughter, although she had always in all the subjects a hundred per cent., could not join the further class, because she did not go to the instruction of the priests. Father sent one "recurs" after another to the "ministerium" of education, until he won. Today the Baptist minister is the teacher of the religion of Baptist children and gives his own note on the certificate just as the priest for his children.

A great victory and a great help for our church is our Temperance Association, which was permitted by the highest authority in Bohemia. This is a work apart from the church, but in our hands. This work has the great sympathy of the people of Prague, even of people who do not sympathize with our religious convictions.

Our attitude towards other Protestants in Bohemia is a friendly one. Although we are good Baptists, we join other Protestants in the "Constanz Union," where the subject of this story is an important member.

JOSEPH NOVOTNY,
PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

A SAD CASE IN FRANCE RIGHTED.

It was in the year 1853; Napoleon III was emperor and the Roman Catholic clergy had full control over government and people.

Yet God had never left Himself without a true witness, even in the midst of the deepest darkness, and side by side with the spirit of superstition and cowardice at large, there has always been found, in a few at least, the spirit of true worship and of Christian heroism. Such was the case in France less than sixty years ago.

A few miles east of the city of Campiegne, the castle of which at that time was the customary holiday-residence of the emperor, lies, on the border of the forest, the little village of Chelles. In that village lived the Andru family, well-to-do Catholic farmers, who, through the efforts of Pastor J. B. Cretin, were soon convinced of the errors of Rome and received the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

Every Sunday a religious service was held at the farm; it was well attended, and people would come from the neighboring villages to hear the Gospel, and quite a number of them were converted right there. Of course the priest's anger and jealousy were kindled against the

Christian farmers, and he did all he could, to force them, by petty trials, to cease their successful propaganda.

The only child of the family was tabooed by the other little folks and finally driven out of school. At harvest time, Andru found himself without reapers, the priest having threatened with excommunication anyone who would work for him. But the opportunity soon came for the enemies of the Gospel to strike a serious blow against the faithful family.

The grandfather, Francois Andru, died a Christian man. Pastors Cretin and Lemaire presided over the burial ceremony. Much curiosity was aroused in the community, as it was the first Protestant burial ever witnessed. A crowd of more than four hundred people listened to the preaching of the Gospel that day; the hearts of many were stirred and genuine interest in the "new teaching" was manifested.

It was just what the priest had been afraid of. He had done all he had been able to imagine to prevent such a result. He had gone to the mayor and, although the burial lot had been already bought and duly paid for, he had insisted that no burial license should be given a Protestant until the government representative in that case the "sous-prefet" at Campiegne, had granted it. Andru goes to Campiegne, sees the secretary of the "sous-prefet" who assures him that, in spite of the fact that he was a Protestant and a Baptist; nobody had any

right to interfere with the burial, and who gives him accordingly the authorization asked for.

One can easily imagine the mad disappointment of the priest when he saw the ceremony taking place. What! an old heretic was being buried in the Catholic cemetery, a few yards from the church door, and that with the help of almost all his parishioners! That was unbearable. Something was to be done, and to be done at once.

First, he calls upon the mayor, who says he cannot go against the authorization. Then he hastens to pay a visit to the "sous-prefet" at Campiegne, and does so cunningly plead his case before him, with threats to let the bishop know about the whole affair, that he finally succeeded in extorting from the government official a paper allowing him to have the body of the Protestant disinterred provided the mayor would consent to give his signature. Triumphing already the priest goes back to the village hall, unfolds the precious paper, silences easily the last scruples of the weak-minded mayor, who, after having signed the burial license, now signs the permit of exhumation.

Then the awful deed was consummated. The sexton having refused to disinter the body, the priest had to go and hire drunken men to do the job. Dark was the night, heavy the rain. To the cemetery they went, guided by a lantern, carrying picks and shovels. They sought for the body which, after six days was already decomposed. With pallid faces, chattering teeth and

staggering feet, they dragged the corpse away to that part of the cemetery which was reserved for those having committed suicide. The villagers were so indignant at this act of savagery that, finding the cane of the priest, and the tools which had been used, they threw them all into the empty grave and covered them with earth.

When the news of the desecration reached the members of the dear Andru family, they were horror-stricken, as can well be imagined. They tried to obtain justice, but in vain. The "sous-prefet" claimed they had not declared they were Protestants when asking for authorization. The mayor said he had simply followed the way laid out by his superior. As to the priest, he had, to him, the great satisfaction of getting the bishop to come, with splendid apparel, and consecrate over again the ground of the cemetery which, he said, had been outrageously defiled by the presence of the body of a heretic.

A full account of this exhumation has been published by the *Progres de L'Oie,* of Campiegne, in the November 23, 1853, number.

The rest of the story reads like a novel. Truly the Lord reigneth, vengeance is His, and the evil of man is ultimately to be changed into the glory of God.

A few months after the above related events had taken place, the mayor of Chelles was found hanged in his garret and was accordingly buried with those having committed suicide. Private scandals led the "sous-pre-

fet" to shoot himself. The priest was convicted of immorality, and was obliged to leave the parish.

The lot of the persecuted brethren was, on the other hand, a most blessed one. Not only in due time was the body of the beloved departed one given a worthy resting place, but through these sad experiences the family gained the sympathy and esteem of the whole population. The Sunday meetings at the farm were more successful than ever; some little time since eleven persons were baptized upon confession of faith. In fact, this was the beginning of a revival, the fruits of which are known even unto this day. And not the least of them was the conversion of the only child of the farmer, Rev. Henri Andru, the beloved, honored and eminent secretary and treasurer of the Federation of Baptist Churches of Northern France and Belgium.

PAUL VINCENT, M.A., B.D.,
Paris, France.

A HERO COLPORTER.

In correspondence he signs himself, "Rottmayer John," though in the records his name appears as "Johann Rottmayer, Jr." He is a giant of a man, full-whiskered, deliberate of movement, solid of tread. One can well imagine him perfectly at home in all kinds of places and under all sorts of hardships and persecutions. His voice is low and is soft in tone. With some degree of intimate association with him for nearly a week, the chief characteristic which impresed me was his gratitude. In his home in Hungary, he had received on occasions some books and other printed matter, the grateful remembrance of which shone in his face, and here and there broke into words. It will be long years before the tenderness and might of his hand grasp will be forgotten. He is a man to be trusted on the spot and to be loved ever afterwards. Some of these things are to be seen in his face even when in black ink upon cold, dead paper.

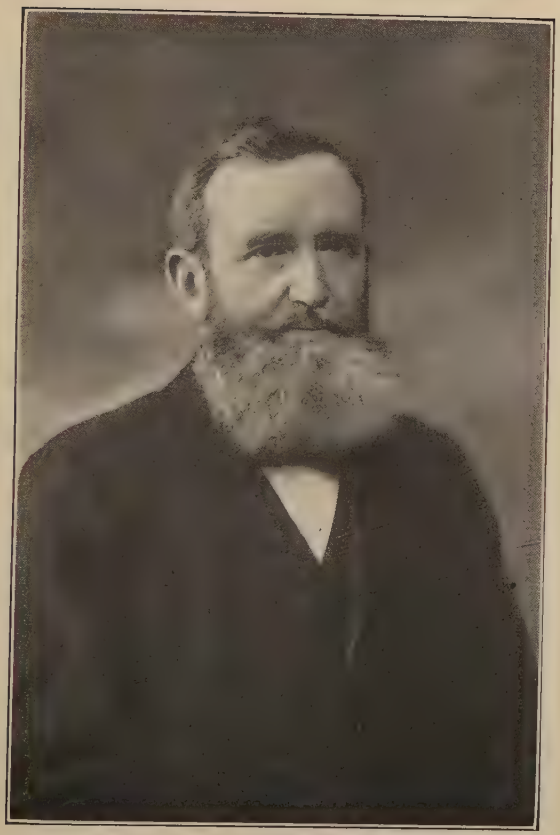
His father before him was a colporter primarily and public speaker as occasions presented themselves, and father and son traveled far and wide over a number of countries scattering Bibles and other religious books where no other messenger of the cross ever penetrated.

Our hero traveled in times of eminent danger over rough roads where there were no accommodations, and he passed and repassed through and about Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Poland, Bosnia, and the Balkan States. Far away from the beaten track he left a torch of light for whole neighborhoods, and passed on to find other dark places. He was the agent for the British Bible Society, and so his supplies were unlimited save only by his ability to transport his wares.

He was born in Budapest two years after J. G. Oncken, the foundation layer of the Baptist faith upon the continent of Europe, had sent some brethren down to Budapest to preach the Gospel. It was greatly in his favor that he had a godly father and mother, a Christian home full of prayer and praise and of the fervor of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the year of 1867, young Rottmayer attended the "Bundesconferenz" in Hamburg, Germany, and there heard Charles Haddon Spurgeon preach upon several occasions. He says: "The sermons made a profound impression upon me, and a new world was opened before my eyes." In speaking of him, Rev. C. T. Byford, who knows him well and whose voice takes on a softer tone when he speaks of him, said:

"The fellowship of brethren in two great churches in Germany had very much to do with kindling his spirit and in enlarging his vision. There he realized that the Baptists were not a mere handful of believers in Hungary, but a great company of believers scattered



JOHN ROTTMAYER, JR.

throughout the whole world. That gave him new courage and added to his strength.

"He remained over a year in Hamburg, and then for nearly a year in Berlin. In the latter city he met and came under the influence of G. W. Lehmann, the chief support of J. G. Oncken and other leading and progressive brethren. He was intimately associated with the younger Lehmann, J. G., who is now at Cassell, the head of the publication board of German Baptists, an honored brother of strong character, highly educated and greatly beloved. In Berlin he joined in with those with whom he was associated and engaged in church work, and particularly with the young people in Sunday schools and other meetings."

From these pleasant and profitable surroundings he undertook work for the Master in Holstein, and the Hart Mountains. His aggressive spirit could not long remain satisfied while communities and whole states lay in darkness.

The laws of Hungary impressed him and he entered the army, and for two years he served in garrisons in Dalmatia and Trieste, and then in the towns of the Adriatic. Released from this service where we are sure he did not forget to serve his Master faithfully, he began his work as a distributor of the Bible, with headquarters at Vienna, Austria. He became the founder of the Baptist church in Vienna, the first meeting being held in a secluded room. The police forbade them to sing or to pray, but as cautiously as they might they circumvented

the police and continued to sing and pray. This church remains today and it is full of the sacrificial and fearless spirit of its founder.

I quote again from the records of Rev. C. T. Byford, the commissioner of the Baptist World Alliance to the Continent of Europe:

"Attempts were made in Vienna to organize a Sunday school, but the friends were hindered in any forward movement by the hostility of the police and the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Owing to the persistency in preaching the Gospel and holding meetings for worship, Rottmayer was taken before the magistrates and fined twenty kronen (twenty-four dollars) for each offence. In 1906, after thirty-eight years of strenuous service for the Bible Society, Rottmayer resigned his position and retired to his farm at Kolozsvar, there to spend the evening of his days. In his retirement he has proved to be a tower of strength to the churches in Transylvania, frequently visiting the brethren and preaching for them, and on several occasions he has undertaken long journeys to Roumania and Bulgaria, there to help the brave men who are pioneering in these countries. His heart still burns with a holy passion for souls, and his chief delight is to be found in helping the men who are proclaiming the eternal Gospel amongst the many and diverse races to be found in the kingdom of Hungary. It has been my privilege to be a guest in his charming home, to undertake long journeys in his company, to hear him sound forth the message of the cross, to meet

with the members of his family in other parts of Hungary (the wife of the Rev. L. Preuss, of the Budapest First Church is his eldest daughter), to listen to his fascinating stories of early struggles and trials, and even triumphs, and my intimate knowledge of the man and his dear wife has deepened my love and respect for him."

There is no way to estimate the suffering, the faithfulness, the harvests which are to follow the sowings of this mighty man of valor, this true soldier of Jesus Christ. To know him quickens faith and kindles the spirit to press on at all cost to the end.

J. N. PRESTRIDGE, D.D.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOUR HEROES OF THE FAITH.

ANDREAS UDVARNOKI.

"And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers."—Eph. 4:11.

The rapid advance of the Baptist churches in Hungary is in no little measure due to the men whom Heinrich Meyer gathered around him during the first twenty years of his ministry. Men like Michael Kornya, Mihaly Toth, Lajos Balogh, Gyorgy Gerwich, and the subject of this sketch, Andreas Udvarnoki, the minister of the Second Budapest church.

Andreas Udvarnoki was born at Szada, in the Province of Pest, Hungary, on November 16, 1865. The son of God-fearing parents, his early training was in connection with the Reformed Calvinistic Church. At sixteen years of age he heard for the first time an itinerant Baptist preacher, with the result that he was not only led to surrender his life to Jesus Christ, but was subsequently immersed.

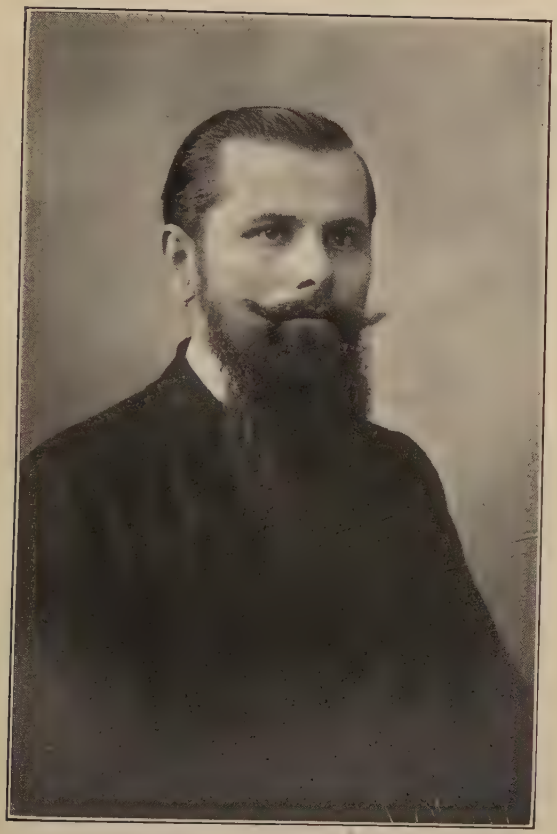
He immediately began to study the Holy Scriptures,

and as opportunity offered he visited the surrounding villages to preach the Gospel. In the year 1882 he was brought into contact with Heinrich Meyer, under whose guidance he labored in the Gospel.

Six years later he applied for admission to the Baptist college in Hamburg, and for four years he pursued his studies in the Premier Baptist Preachers' School on the continent. His course in the Seminary ended, he returned to Hungary, and became the pastor of the church at Totfalu.

After a year of much blessing in his pastorate there he removed to the church at Orszentnuklos, where he met and married his wife, a splendid helper in the Lord, a saintly woman and a true helpmate. In the same year seven Hungarian brethren who were members of the German Baptist church in Budapest received permission to found the present church in the capital city of Hungary. Since that time, 1895, the church has grown, until at the present time there are no fewer than eight hundred and thirty-nine members, a fine suite of buildings (too small for the weekly congregations), twenty-eight mission stations, and work in no less than six counties. The growth of the work brought its own peculiar difficulties, not the least being that some of the stronger stations were clamoring for a settled pastor and regular instruction in the Word of God, whilst on the other hand there were numbers of young men anxious and ready to devote themselves to the ministry.

At last the pressure was so great that in 1905 An-



ANDREAS UDVARNOKI.

dreas Udvarnoki started a preachers' school in two rooms adjoining his own house. Eight brethren were selected out of the numerous applicants, and the work of the school commenced. Udvarnoki taught theology and homiletics, and helped in the other classes, teaching in the school three hours daily, and this in addition to his pastoral work, visiting his many stations and preaching four times weekly.

His is a busy life; the days are full of toil, the task is a prodigious one, and oft-times he would be released from his labors, but the spirit of the man can be discerned in a sentence recently uttered when talking over these matters and the proposal of the Baptist World Alliance to found a Bible school for eastern and south-eastern Europe: "Until that day arrives I must hold fast to my post. I am a soldier under the command of the 'Great Commander-in-Chief,' and His orders must be obeyed until He gives the signal to stand at ease."

MICHAEL KORNYA, HUNGARY.

No account of the Baptist movement in Europe can be counted as complete without reference to the subject of this story. He has been as blessed of God in his labors as any Baptist worker in any country in Europe, if not in the whole world.

Michael Kornya was born on February 28, 1844, in Nagy-Szalonta, Hungary, and at five years of age he lost

his father, and, owing to the extreme poverty of the family, he was shortly afterwards sent to be the servant of a farmer, spending long hours every day tending the cattle and pigs. Of schooling he had practically none, beyond being able to recognize and name the letters of the alphabet; he only learned to read after arriving at manhood. In 1872, a copy of the Scriptures came into his hands, and with many of his fellow farm-workers he began to read the sacred volume, but like the eunuch of Ethiopia, he did not understand what he was reading. The following year Novak came into the district, and heard of the men reading the Bible, and sent for Heinrich Meyer to come from Budapest to instruct the company. The result was that in the August of that year, Meyer baptized eight of the brethren and in January, 1876, eleven others were immersed, and in May of the same year eighteen followed their Lord in baptism. The thirty-six, for one had left the district, were then formed into the first Baptist church in Hungary, with Meyer as their pastor. In the spring of 1875, Kornya was deeply impressed by reading Matthew 28:19, and, as a result, he went into the villages to preach. Here he won his first convert, Andreas Lisztes, who is still in active service in Berettye-Ujfalu. From the latter place the work extended to Derecke where a church was founded. Meyer, in 1877, became seriously ill, and he sent for John Oncken to come from Hamburg to ordain the two brethren, Kornya and Toth. The service was held in Nagy-Szalonta, and from that time Kornya and Toth baptized their own con-

verts. The work began to spread, many were brought to the Lord, and churches were established in eight counties.

Meanwhile the enemy was not asleep, the clergy and priests stirred up bitter opposition against the two brethren, and they were frequently imprisoned, beaten with rods, and flung into chains. Of this period of his life, Kornya says, "The persecution did not cause me to draw back, since the work of the Lord filled me with great joy." In the year 1890 he baptized more than one thousand persons upon profession of faith.

Living in the center of Hungary are many thousands of Roumanian settlers, poor, neglected, forsaken men and women, counted as little better than the cattle by their educated and wealthier neighbors. In 1893 the brethren turned to these people, and began to declare the Gospel to them. The work was exceedingly difficult, months of weary waiting passed by, until at last a few were baptized and a church formed in Kishaza. From that time the work increased and multiplied at a phenomenal rate, and scores of churches have been founded.

Kornya alone has baptized six thousand, three hundred and thirty-one since turning to them, and in the year 1910 he baptized seven hundred and nine who had given their hearts to Jesus Christ. How many churches there are amongst these people no man can rightly say. At present they have no effective organization, no census has been taken, and the figures change with the passing week.

Kornya at present is stationed in the Bihar-Diovzeg

district, whilst Toth is laboring in and around Nagy-Szalonta. Both are prematurely old men, they "bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus," and for their work's sake should have a place in the prayers of God's people in this land.

PETER DOYCHEFF, BULGARIA.

To mention the Balkans to the average man is to be immediately plied with questions concerning fierce brigands, hardy mountaineers, wily diplomats, and the struggles of a people for political freedom from the yoke of the "unspeakable Turk," but to Baptists Bulgaria should be a land of intense and increasing interest. The story of Baptist beginnings in that land is a fascinating one, it can be summed up in a sentence. And they that were scattered abroad under the persecutions which arose under Czar Alexander the Third, went as far as Bulgaria preaching the Word of the Lord, and many gave themselves unto the Lord, and were added unto the church. It is not my purpose in this sketch to tell the story of the churches at Rustchuk and Lompalonka, both founded by Russian exiles, or of Kazanlek, where the friends advertised for some one to come and baptize them, or of the many interesting communities in that great land, but to introduce the Bulgarian pioneer of Baptist principles and practices in southeastern Europe.

Peter Doycheff, of Tchirpan, is a giant in stature, gentle and winning in manner, well beloved by the

PETER DOYCHEFF.

friends who have been led to Jesus Christ under his teaching, a university graduate living the life of the peasants around him for the Gospel's sake.

Born at Panagurishte, a large town some sixty miles northwest of Philippopolis, in the year 1856, he early in life followed the trade and calling of our own Carey, and whilst busy earning his daily bread at the making of shoes he was brought to the Lord, at twenty years of age, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. House, a missionary of the American Foreign Mission Board. Shortly after his conversion our brother entered the missionary school at Samakov, a few hours' journey from the capital Sofia. Graduating from Samakov, Peter Doycheff crossed the Atlantic, and commenced to study in the Baptist college at Hightstown, N. J., where he specialized in the sciences. He remained here three years, and then entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and passed from thence to the McCormick University of Chicago, where he took all the classes common to theological students save that in Hebrew. Opportunities for service in the States were pressed upon him, but he heard the call of his own land, and returned to the Balkans to work amongst his own people. In 1901 he was convinced of the truth of believers' baptism, and was baptized by the Rev. R. E. Ferrier, of Poughkeepsie, New York. July 1902, saw the commencement of his work as a pioneer Bulgarian Baptist to the Bulgarians. He chose Tchirpan, a central town, in which to commence operations, and in this venture he had no missionary society behind him, no

fixed salary, not even a congregation to stand by his side, but alone he launched out into the deep, in the sure faith that the Lord would provide for his needs. Even today he has no fixed stipend. Friends in America, who know him and value his work, and our own good friend, Mr. Oncken, of England, have been able to help occasionally but ofttimes the bottom of the barrel has had to be scraped, yet through all our brother bears this testimony, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." During the eight years in which Peter Doycheff has been working in Tchirpan, he has baptized fifty-seven upon profession of faith, whilst others are awaiting baptism in the town. A chapel has been built, and several mission stations established.

This autumn work has been undertaken in Kostenetz, and a recent visit to Sofia has resulted in great blessing to the friends there, in that a serious division has been healed, and unity of forces has been accomplished. As funds permit, Brother Doycheff intends to open new stations at Stara Zagora, Novo Zagora, and Borisovgrad.

At the present time three young men who have been brought up under his influence are being trained for the ministry of the Word in Bulgaria. His only son, Jupiter, is a brilliant scholar, the first student of his year in Samakov college, and both father and son are looking forward to the time when the proposed Continental Baptist World Alliance Theological Seminary shall become an established fact.

Doycheff frequently undertakes long journeys to dis-

tant towns to preach the Gospel, and it is nothing unusual for him to suffer persecution, bitter and violent opposition upon the part of the priests and police, and even to learn to take the despoiling of his goods cheerfully. His wife, a worthy and faithful fellow worker, often accompanies him on his preaching tours and she has proven her endurance as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Despite this attempt of the enemy to deter him he has kept steadily on his way, cheered in heart by many conversions, by the steady growth of the work under his wise leadership, and confident in the assurance that ultimately Bulgaria will be led to the feet of Jesus Christ.

NORBERT FABIAN CAPEC, MORAVIA.

The Baptist work in Moravia is led by a man who is in the truest sense of the word a whole-hearted patriot, ardently longing for the political freedom of his country, but at the same time burning with an unquenchable zeal and passion for the salvation of his fellow citizens. Norbert Fabian Capec is in the very prime of life. He was born in the memorable year 1870, at Radcmysl, in Bohemia. In his veins flows the blood of the martyrs, for his forbears were adherents of John Huss, and were called upon to seal their testimony to Christ by imprisonment and finally martyrdom. Under the long continued persecutions, and the tremendous pressure of the papacy, the family became Roman Catholic, but the

tradition of a better and purer faith still lived on, and through the years of darkness there was a love and longing for the Word of God.

At sixteen years of age Capec's soul revolted against the many evils incidental to the Romanist system, and he definitely severed his connection with the Church. He was not aware of any other churches when he set out in quest of truth: At last he found himself in Vienna, where a companion invited him to a prayer meeting in the hall of the Baptists.

The strange name "Baptist" was a hindrance to him, but on learning that they were nearly akin in their principles and practices to the old Bohemian Brethren, and that they based their doctrines upon the Word of God, he ventured to the meeting. His heart was touched by that which he heard and experienced there, and the result was a surrender of life to Jesus Christ and the acceptance of the Holy Spirit as his guide. The struggle was a severe one, but at last grace triumphed, and on March 3, 1888, he was baptized in Vienna upon profession of faith in Jesus Christ, and was immediately admitted to the church fellowship. Later in the year he went to Pozsony, a frontier town in Hungary, and commenced to preach the Gospel to the Slovacs, with the result that in less than three years he baptized more than seventy believers. During these three years he started a mission station in Chojnice. The work was blessed, a church was formed, and a building erected, in which the congregation met for worship. These days were try-

ing ones to the young man's faith. Oftentimes he was in dire straits, and on more than one occasion had not even a Kreutzer (one-fifth of a penny), with which to purchase a glass of water by the wayside.

The year 1891 saw his entrance into the Baptist college in Hamburg, and during the succeeding four years he was preparing himself for what is undoubtedly his life's work. Finishing his course he accepted the pastorate of the largest Baptist church in Saxony, in the town of Planitz.

Again and again the great need of his own land was impressed upon him. He could not quietly minister to an alien people whilst his fellow-countrymen had not the light of the glorious Gospel, and in the year 1898 the great resolve was taken to go to his own people. Moravia at that time had not a single congregation of any denomination, apart from the Roman Catholic Church, but Capec bravely entered into the capital (Brunn), and commenced to preach the Gospel. The early days were exceedingly difficult. Priests and police harassed him, all manner of obstacles were placed in his way, but he believed that he was led by the Spirit of God to labor there, and continued the struggle. During the first three months he only managed to make one friend. After the first year's work the tide turned, and many began to attend the services, with the result that during his ten years' ministry in Moravia he has baptized more than five hundred believers, has established five churches, and has a number of stations in many of

the chief cities of the kingdom. At present he is in charge of all this work, and in addition to his pastoral labors he is editor of the largest weekly paper published in Bohemia, an adjoining state on the north, and of two very popular religious magazines.

He has the pen of a ready writer, and has flooded the country with small and large pamphlets setting forth the Baptist position, faith and principles.

His hymns are in use today in all the Bohemian Baptist churches, and are being sung in Hungary, Russia, and far off America. By his editorial work, public meetings and preaching services he has done more than any living man to prepare Moravia to receive the Baptist faith. His work has influenced the secular press, and frequently articles from him appear in the daily newspapers advocating the separation of Church and state, exposing the sacerdotal spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, against the baptism of unconscious infants, advocating the freedom of the individual to worship God without the intervention of the priest or prelate. Recently an article of his appeared in a leading paper arguing that the time was more than ripe for a new reformation in Moravia, as the Roman Catholic Church was not fitted to meet the spiritual needs of the great Slav population.

CHAS. T. BYFORD, London, England.

BOHEMIA.

STORIES AND THE NEW REFORMATION.

Two girls were living in a little village in Bohemia. They somehow got a New Testament. They read in it and soon saw that the church at home was no Christian church. They were soon converted and they lived a happy life. But they thought they had discovered some forgotten treasure—that they were the only two Christians in the whole world. The village soon was against them. They were proclaimed to be mad. Darkness could not stand the light. Once one of these girls went to Prague and she found a converted woman, as she recognized from her conversation. She was very happy, more than she could say, and then she exclaimed: "But tell me, why are we on the vast world the only three Christians?" "What do you mean by that?" "Well," said the girl, "now we are two in our village and you are the third Christian!" "Oh, no; there are many millions of Christians like you and me in the world." The girl could not understand and only by and by, and then she said: "And did you see them, did you speak with them?" "Yes, and if you like, you can see them and speak to them tonight." That night she was for the

first time in her life in a Christian meeting. Even today she says that was her most happy moment, when she discovered the existence of more than three Christians in the world. Both the girls are today Baptists. One of them is still a member of our church. So works our God sometimes without missionaries.

Returning from the Baptist World Alliance, Philadelphia, my first meeting was a baptismal service. There was a lad of about eighteen years, who had become converted, and he wanted to be baptized. When we announced, according to the law, to the authorities they sent a message to his native village to the priest (they regularly do that). The priest put this letter on the door of the church, in order that all the people might know it. When the boy came home, there was a real trouble. He was beaten on his face. Then they brought him to the priest, who had ready an explanation, that the boy was sorry, and that he had come back to the Roman Catholic Church. He had a "discussion" with the boy for about two hours and tried in every way to persuade him—but that did not help. The priest said that he ought to obey his parents. The boy answered that he, too, believes in obedience, but he quoted the verse, Matt. 10:37: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." The boy had always ready a biblical verse. The priest said afterwards: "I cannot understand it; he is only a few days a Baptist and he knows the Bible better than our people." Then, when nothing would help, the father went to the author-

ities and asked if it were possible to destroy all the ties between the boy and the family. The authorities did not allow that, as that is against the law. The parents then cast him out from their home and would have nothing to do with him. He came to Prague to seek a situation and wrote home a loving letter to the parents, but they did not answer.

We have a mission station in the mountains at a place where the anti-reformation was strong. In this part of Bohemia the priests (after the terrible battle on the White mountain) were not only themselves "holy" but even their boots were "holy". They had on their boots very sharp nails and they went to the fields where the people were ploughing and working and they trampled with their "holy" boots upon the people's bare feet, to "persuade" them to confess where they held in secret their meetings and hid their books.

In the same part of Bohemia the Bible was proclaimed from the pulpit of the Catholic Church to be a "poison." Nobody ought to touch it, of course, nor to read it. The castleans were a great help for the priests at that time. One castlean went to a village to seek "the poisoned books" and he found one. After a fight with the old man to whom it belonged, the castlean got the Bible. He put it under his arm and went merrily home to bring it to the priest to burn. On his way he remembered the last sermon of his priest, that the Bible is "poison" and that nobody ought to read it. At once he threw the Bible on the ground in order that he

might not be poisoned. But then he did not wish that anybody should find it and especially a "heretic." He was in a little difficulty. After a short hesitation he chained the Bible and dragged it with him as a dog. The priest was very pleased with his original thought, and the Bible was burned on the chief place in that town.

In this same town today we have twenty-five promising Baptists. They have their own little house and their meetings on Sundays are visited not seldom by one hundred people. In the same town today the priest says from the pulpit that his sheep ought to be as good as the Baptists; they ought to (the priest says) "be an example for the Catholics".

In the same town an advocate at the bar was seeking a clerk. He announced his need in the newspaper and he got about two hundred applications. There was only one difficulty: he often left the office, where he kept some money, and he wanted that the clerk should also attend to the business when he was away. He did not trust the Catholics. In the whole town the people know that the Baptists do not lie, do not steal, and are true. So he wanted a Baptist. There was one young man (our member) with very little education, professionally, but he was a clever boy—and he got the situation and without asking for it, only because he was a Baptist.

A married woman told her husband that she wanted to be baptized. He showed her a revolver and said,

"This will help." She was obliged to wait nine years. At last she seized upon a happy moment and was permitted to be baptized. It was on her birthday, when the husband was exceptionally kind. He came to her and asked what she would like to have as a birthday present. She fell on his neck with tears and asked for permission to be baptized. He could not resist, and the long-waited-for consent was given.

In one town are barracks. Somehow some of the soldiers heard about the Baptists, and they got our paper. One of them wrote to us. He said they liked our religion, as they saw we were like the old Bohemian Brethren, and they wanted to be Baptists, eleven of them. He said we ought to write to them, and he asked how much it would cost to be a Baptist—how much money! With our love we sent them some New Testaments, papers and hymn books—they now have their meetings in the woods.

THE OUTLOOK.

The pope never trusted his sheep in Bohemia; and because he feared and hesitated he may at last lose them all. He granted them at the start their wishes, viz., preaching the Gospel in the national language, the marriage of the priests and the New Testament Lord's Supper. They always protested against Romish abuses and men like Huss and Jerome laid down their lives for being too radically "Protestant". The oldest Bohemian

song is a Christmas carol from the ninth century, which we sing today in our services.

But the Cechs (the popular name for the Bohemians), with all their ideals, were silenced by a great sea of darkness. Bohemia was a little country surrounded by such vast empires, which had not the slightest interest in their ideals. Bohemia's ideals came too soon. Their message was born one hundred years too soon; the world was not prepared for it. The German-Austrian army made out of a Cechish Protestant country a German Catholic country. They took away our religion as well as our national freedom. Here is the only psychological explanation—why every Cech is born with a hate for everything that is German—even for German Protestantism.

Today the Cechish nation is rising. The historians agree that during the last hundred years the Cechish nation made progress that is almost a miracle. (See Monroe, "Bohemia and the Cechs".) If you only think for a moment that one hundred years ago there was almost not a single Cechish book, that Prague was almost only a German city, that almost no intelligent Cech spoke Cechish—today: Prague is a modern city of six hundred and fifty thousand people, ninety-seven per cent. of them Cechs. We have a good literature, scientific as well as poetical works and many books of fiction; we have good translations not only of all the great English and American authors but of all great books of the world; we have an independent university. All this is a miracle!

But the Cechs are a religious nation and this is clear in their resurrection. They start to live again and they see they must first settle the religious problem. And they try. All our big men, poets, scientists, statesmen, take an interest in religious matters. Out of one hundred and seven Cechish members of Parliament only seven are representatives of Rome!

Here is a country full of living Christianity as an accumulator is full of electricity, and the whole history of Bohemia is only the bursting of this electricity from time to time.

The Cechs are a religious nation through and through. When Christianity was brought to them from Germany they did not at first want to accept it, because it was brought with sword and fire—they understood at once; here are words in contrast with deeds. But when they read the Gospel for themselves and heard it preached by such men as Cyril and Methodius, they accepted it with enthusiasm. They distinguished themselves especially by loving the family life—a fact found of true Christianity. This fact is very interesting and has a psychological necessity in our language. The beauty of our language is in diminutives, especially in nouns connected with the family. I am not sure if any other language in the world possesses this richness of synonyms. I find about five different terms for father, about twenty for girl—every term conveys a little different idea.

We all agree that in four years, the five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Huss, 1915, there will

be a final settlement—the Cechs will choose not for Catholicism, but between atheism and Christianity! We hope and believe they will choose Jesus, and then our Cechish history will be interrupted never more!

The Baptists are founded in history upon the Bohemian Brethren, and this historical foundation is a great "plus" for the Baptists among our people. Baptismus could at once be the national religion of the Cechs. All the conditions necessary for its mastering growth are here.

Bohemia and Moravia, so closely linked together in history and sympathy, are going again to be Cechish—this is sure, and Christ will be our only Lord and King.

JOSEPH NOVOTNY,
PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

A COSSACK TRANSFIGURED.

Now that I have recovered from the gruelling thrills of the Baptist Alliance held in Philadelphia several months ago and find myself once more in normal shape, I find myself possessed by a strong impulse to pay in my own way my tribute of admiration and reverence to the modest and yet incomparable hero of that occasion. Giants there were, many and mighty in that international assemblage—men, great in achievement and fame and destined to live in history. To them I wave my good wishes, but for once they must retire from the limelight and give the front of the stage to an untitled and scarred brother, in order that his friends and lovers may get an ample sight of him and catch somewhat of his intrepid and self-forgetful spirit.

The Philadelphia meeting was enriched with varied joys—joys so intense and over-mastering that they were close akin to agonies. There eloquence and wisdom met together, and their united strain was like a voice from Heaven; there big men abounded until they were a common sight; there comparisons ceased to be odious and grew into honorable dispute about the stars only in the point of their differing in their glories; there many talked as to who should be the greatest among them,

but few indeed seemed for a moment to be thinking at all of themselves.

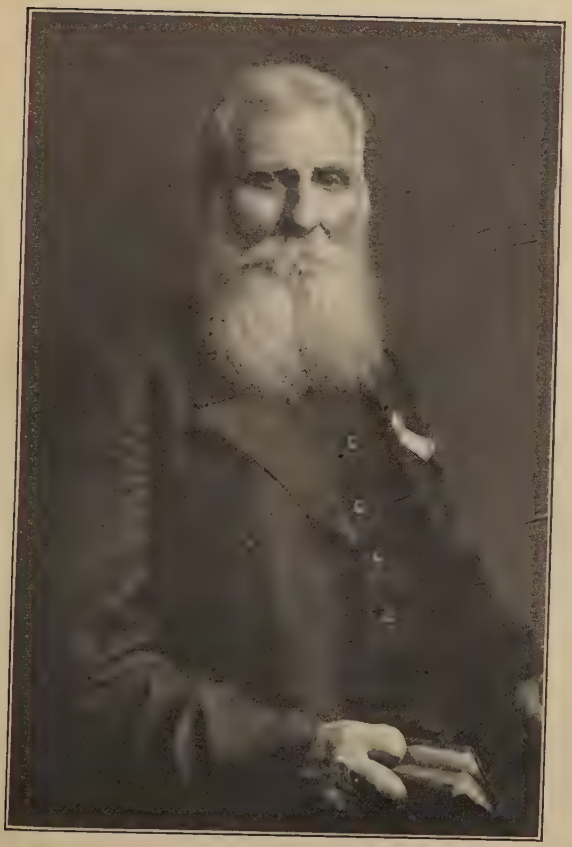
In my little perch near the organ back of the pulpit, I watched it all and weighed everything as well as I might, but for reasons which may appear later on

I ELECTED MY HEART'S HERO.

I am asking now in this paper to have him enrolled as chief among the mighty. Think not that mine is a case of favoritism or of pre-judgment. Right freely I admit that in my narrowed life I knew nothing of a man bearing the name of Fedot Petrovitch Kostromin.

Perchance I publish my own reproach in blurting out this admission, but let it go at that. It was on that Thursday morning when that grim-faced procession of Russians emerged from the audience and mustered into the organ gallery, that I gained my first view of the man whose worth and honor this paper is intended to celebrate.

My first sight of him was a revelation; his serious face was his biography and his voice spoke nothing that I understood and yet in some way they told me of sorrows which could never be fully told. He had the look of a martyr, who as yet had no sense of being one. As a fact our Russian brother broke in upon us in no conspicuous way; indeed, he limped in as one who has almost forgotten himself. Already the Russian exhibit,



FEDOT PETROVITCH KOSTROMIN.

if we may speak of it as such, under the high-strung and magnetic Shakespeare had already filled us with an over-flowing wonder. For my part I thought that the strain was about over and was preparing to take my breath and cool down. It did not stir me when a snowy-haired patriot with noiseless feet strode down from the gallery to the platform, nor can it be said that this old gentleman was presented with any special intent to create sensation. For my own part I am a little lost to know how it all happened. Fact after fact dropped out concerning the man and each fact was like a pearl and all the facts together made a wondrous string of pearls and before we knew it we were transfixed with the conviction that there was before us one of God's great men.

To begin with it fell out that this old gentleman, so quiet and unassuming, was a Russian Cossack and that of course marked him as tough of texture, born to fight and trained to die rather than to run away.

These attributes were chiseled into the old face and the face was so fine and even lovely that I right on the spot recast several of my old notions of the Cossacks and almost felt willing to be one if I could only be of the Kostromin type.

It added much to the charm of the moment when the fact came out that this gnarled old Russian had once been a fanatical adherent of the Greek Church and that, too, of the most destructive and intolerant sort. In those days he had a religion which delighted to

extinguish the other man, who thought not as he did. He found in the Baptists of his country the very objects which his cruelty could find the fiercest joy in crushing and destroying. He looked like a lion that was once wild and eager for blood, but had been tamed for domestic service, but you could recognize his type at once, his zeal was that of the bigot and would have hailed Saul of Tarsus as a comrade in playing havoc with the friends of the Nazarene. It was hard to tell it on Kostromin, but the fact came out that he was once a desperate foe of his Russian brethren. He had that blind and vindictive sincerity which he mistook for religion and which caused him to feel that the way to please God was to extinguish those who did not believe as he did. I took a cold look at the old man and felt a momentary resentment.

But very soon I came to myself. I recalled that history brings to us ample proof that the Lord takes an economic interest in men who are notably effective in trying to overturn the truth. He sees in them a nerve and a vigor which if seasoned with his own grace would do much to help His own Kingdom. It is no rare thing for the Spirit of God to invade the domain of Satan and choose some of his stalwart leaders and bring them over for service in the Kingdom of Light. That was the way that Paul was brought in and we found out that same Thursday that Kostromin was also brought in that way. I am yet short of information about many things that I would like to know about the turning of Kos-

tromin to God. Any one must see at a glance that it was a startling event. It was life from the dead for Kostromin and it was a miracle from Heaven in the eyes of saints and infidels who saw the sight.

There was one fact about it well worth the telling. Our brother was brought to the Light by a Russian Baptist minister, by the name of Ivanoff, of whom we read in another place in this volume. We may be sure that Kostromin will never forget in this world or the other the man who brought him to Christ and truly there must have been mighty shouting in the forest hiding places of the Russian Baptists when the tall son of persecution was cut down and lay trembling at the foot of the cross.

As for Kostromin's conversion, no man could look into his face and doubt. In every line of his countenance the news of salvation was distinctly written and they who saw him knew him in Christ Jesus and felt afresh the might and sweetness of redeeming love.

NO NOVICE—NO RAW RECRUIT.

Americans who saw Kostromin in Philadelphia saw no novice—no raw recruit in the "King's guard". He was not converted until he was forty and that was over a quarter of a century ago. He is now a veteran approved by service and a full graduate in the high school of suffering. We have sometimes been too fast in parading the unseasoned products of our missionary achieve-

ments and sometimes we have been put to shame by the results, but we can have no reason for doubt on that score in the case of Ivanoff's illustrious trophy. We must take a little while to unveil the trials to which this man of God has been subjected. Possibly no Christian on the earth today has had so many adverse experiences or has been subjected to such harassing and appalling persecution. His espousal of the Baptist faith has brought upon him troubles in almost every form. He was never rich but he had some property—a precious substance with which to nourish his life and to take care of his household.

Not long after his conversion he found that he must give up his ministry or his money. His money was to him the world and the issue was between the world and his Lord. He counted it a light thing to suffer the loss of all things for Him who brought to him eternal life. The fact of this sacrifice was let out at Philadelphia and if the baskets had gone the rounds of the assemblage, Kostromin would have been no longer poor.

As our brother at the first persecuted, so afterwards he became the target for the poisoned arrows of those with whom he had been a comrade in the old days. He was too mighty a man to go free as a Baptist and his early ministry caused grave trouble in the ranks of the wicked. At first they muttered, then they scowled, then they threatened, then they hauled him to court and then

they covered him with chains and condemned him to Siberian prisons.

Of that imprisonment it is well-nigh impossible to speak with composure. The horrors of it defy human words to tell the story. It lasted for sixteen years; it separated him absolutely from his family and forbade every item of communication. Indeed, the members of his household were torn apart and scattered afar lest by some chance they should get together. He was made the companion of the most desperate of the criminal classes. No friend or lover was allowed to visit or even to write to him. He was practically dead to all that made life sweet and desirable to him. All that was left to him was to praise his Redeemer with the rattling of his chains, to glory in suffering for his Lord and to bear brave testimony to the power of the Gospel to make life worth living when every human comfort was taken away from it. To all of his graver sufferings was added the continual annoyance and hostilities of the guards. For each day he was dragged up for examination and humiliated in all possible ways; not that he had done anything wrong, and not that he meditated revolt or escape. His only crime was his faith in God and his only misdemeanor was his refusal to recant his Christian doctrines.

As time lagged along his foes hit on new experiences for weaning him away from his Baptist faith. When force failed they tried the charm of gold. They sought to catch him with a bribe. Did they do it? Would the hope of liberty or the sight of money move him to

deny his faith? Wrong him not by such a thought. He was not made of corruptible stuff. It was morally impossible for a soul so lofty as his. He stood clear, loyal, taintless before his enemies and gave a lie to that meanest of human taunts, that every man has his price.

And this is not claiming that Kostromin was perfect, he was not beyond the possibility of evil; he had his seasons of depression, his faith was capable of strain. He said once that he often thought of John the Baptist as he lay in his cell in Fort Machœrus on the Galilean border. He thought of those alien and chilling doubts of John, when he sent those messengers to Jesus to inquire as to who He was. Little doubt can there be that he thought too of John's apparently unsuccessful life and inglorious end. There was a broad margin there for Kostromin's hard thinking, his wonderment and his apprehension. Might he not have fallen?

Ah! but he did not fall. And why? Because his dominant mood was fully for his Master. He kept his eyes upward; he took counsel with the invisible and eternal, he endured as one who saw God. Of all this we have a refreshing example. His lot was cast with the very scum and filth of the prison. He saw in the situation an opportunity; he saw in squalid creatures around him his needy brothers; he knew that he had in his Christian faith what these people needed and right there he kindled the lamps of eternal hope and illumined the prison with the light of everlasting life. He held a revival in the Siberian pens and saw more than a half

hundred comrades in sorrow transformed into prisoners of hope. He founded a church in the precincts of human woe and sang the songs of Zion in the tenements of despair.

BROKEN AND BANISHED.

But meanwhile an unseen hand was guarding the life of this unflinching lover of the truth in a way which he knew not and in no small part by the miracle of his own incorruptible life. An earthly future was being built for himself. The eye of God peered into the pit where His servant lay and pitied him. A change in his favor was decreed but he knew it not and could never have known the strange way in which it was to come. He fell sick and what was that to anyone in that prison. Glad enough his keepers would have been to bury him in a shallow and dishonored grave. No man except those converted prisoners cared for his soul and what could they do to help his broken fortunes. But the wonder of it was that he did not die. Sick he was, but die he would not. He lingered until his presence was an offense and the wearied officers actually decided to put him out of the prison and that seemed only another way to let him die. They gave him liberty but it was not liberty to go home, but to quit the borders of Russia. Never seemed liberty so empty and worthless as it must have seemed to this enfeebled and penniless preacher as he emerged from a prison where he had languished for sixteen years.

But he went out and made his way over mountain and stream, through weeks of lonely tramping until at last with returning health and renewed vigor he planted his foot on the friendly soil of Roumania. There for years he lived and grew and worked, but he was not happy. His mother country had spurned him but his soul cried to go home. His life of exile was as bitter as the Siberian prison. At length a petition went up to the Dowager Queen that Baptists might have the right to be Baptists and to remain in the empire. At first she read the appeal and flung it down and once more Kostromin was struck a stunning blow. But never mind; he had learned to labor and to wait and another time later on a new prayer went to the Dowager Queen. It was a prayer from Baptists that they might be at home in Russia, and still be Baptists. Glorious news indeed came back. The queen's heart had melted; the prayer was heard and in the answer all the Baptists in Russia might remain and worship and they who had been driven out might come home.

It can excite no surprise that our lion-hearted brother is at home in the Scriptures. During the years of his banishment and exile, there was one friend who stayed with him day and night, and year after year. To every cry of his soul, that friend gave heed and ministered to his necessities without price. That friend was the Bible. They were prisoners together and yet as no chain can bind the truth, so was it true that the word of the Lord gave freedom to Kostromin—freedom

of soul, and freedom for fellowship unconfined by bars or bonds. Someone has said that our brother knows the Bible by heart and whether that be literally true or not, it is true beyond all question, that he knows the Bible in his heart. He has tested it and found it the word of life and all-sufficient in times of supremest trouble. He loves it as his life; he studies it with unmeasured eagerness; it is wrought into the texture of his being; its life-giving power mixes in his blood and its light has proven mightier than the dungeon blackness of his prison.

A WINNING PERSONALITY.

There is a mellow charm about his personality. It is the lofty sobriety which marks the conqueror. It is impossible for him not to know the heroic features of his career, but he knows them as one who knows them not. There is no consciousness about him of being out of the usual. He carries with him the modesty which adorned him in those pregnant days when he had fellowship with Christ in his suffering. It looks as if something of the freshness of his middle life which in part went out of him during the solitude of his cell has come back to him, now that he is free again.

Those who live nearest to this nobleman of the Lord say that he has in him the charm of genuine humor. He can see the funny point in a story; his nature responds to the playful and laughable. They tell the story on him that on his way to America, he stoutly con-

tended that they were on their way to that Philadelphia of the olden times, spoken of in the Revelation of John.

His brethren protested and sought to explain but he would have none of it. He said there might be a New York and a New England, but there had gone forth no report of any New Philadelphia and this playful contest he ran so skillfully that those who bantered with him were left in doubt to the last as to whether he was serious about it or not. No man can be well rounded in his greatness who is destitute of native humor. It is that singular and indefinable quality of the mind which gives light to love, ease to labor, relief to suffering, and even hope to despair. It is no strain of the imagination of our Brother Kostromin finding in the midst of all the woes and wrecks of the prison something to amuse him, and to light up a life so confined and crossed. The sight of Kostromin's face was actually a means of grace; it edified the whole assembly.

He was a distinct contribution to the occasion. In him we saw a living demonstration of a triumphant faith. For my part I was made thoroughly ashamed of myself; I shrank into nothing and hardly felt myself presentable in the Kingdom of God beside such a man as he was. I came out of Philadelphia with the spell of his personality upon me. The glow of his life lit up the mountains of God and I saw new peaks and cliffs of which I had not dreamed before. Indeed, from that time I have almost felt as if my Russian chieftain

were watching me and that therefore I must behave well while under his eye.

It is therefore in no trivial or extravagant mood that I have dared to strike off this rude picture of the one man who unquestionably has suffered more for Christ than any other man that I have ever known and it is with no invidious spirit at all, that I would exalt him to the chief place in the Baptist family of the world.

William E. Hatcher, D.D.,
Fork Union, Va.

JOHANN GERHARD ONCKEN,

GERMANY'S APOSTLE.

It is not easy to think of some of the Lord's servants as martyrs, even though they may have suffered much persecution, and even come to death in their witness of Jesus. Their mastery of obstacles amid persecutions and in the face of opposition and under trials such as daunt and destroy the average man, their achievements under difficulties that paralyze the efforts of ordinary men, so attest God's use of them in the work of His Kingdom that they stand before our minds as heroes and not as martyrs. Admiration for what they were and did obscures the memory of what they suffered. Such a man is Johann Gerhard Oncken, the file-leader of Baptists on the Continent of Europe. We must speak of him in the present tense, for his life is a permanent possession and force of Baptist life on the Continent of Europe. Can anyone think of Paul as a martyr? So masterful was his spirit under his glad bondage to Jesus Christ that he could do all things, could sing songs in the darkest night in the dungeon, and in all oppression was more than conqueror. He was a martyr indeed, and with his head paid the price of loyalty to Jesus of Nazareth; but we think of him as the man of faith,

and cherish his memory for his work. No less a man than Charles H. Spurgeon, who knew him well, applied to Oncken the title, "The Apostle Paul of Germany." No one can read the admirably written life of Oncken by the Rev. John Hunt Cooke* without being constantly reminded of parallels in character, experiences and results of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

The place of his birth was determined by political persecution and the way of his ministry lay through opposition, affliction and religious persecution. He was often crowned with physical suffering and mental distress inflicted because of his faith and boldness. His latter years witnessed the victory of much for which he had striven and endured, and, apart from serious suffering in body and in the last days sad failure of mental powers, his days ended in peaceful and triumphal honor.

Naturally he should have been born in the small duchy of Varel-Oldenberg, near the North Sea, a place which he loved as the ancestral home and the scene of his boyhood and which he visited with tender interest in his old age. But about the time of his birth Napoleon was in the ascendant and in those regions playing havoc with the liberties of the people. Having subdued the territory and asserted his sovereignty over the people, he was impressing them into the service of his armies of

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* I have relied for many facts upon this volume.

JOHANN GERHARD ONCKEN.

conquest against neighboring lands. Oncken's father escaped this unwelcome service by flight to London, and so it came to pass that our German hero was born in England; and that, again, had much to do with the nature and success of his career. This was on January 26, 1800. Two years later the father had died and the orphan child was carried back to Varel to be brought up by his grandmother.

A worse affliction than Napoleon's tyranny cursed the land. French domination brought in rationalism and infidelity, and in their wake followed licentiousness and every form of depravity. When Oncken entered upon his ministry but one German pastor in Hamburg was preaching the Gospel based on the Incarnation.

In 1823 Oncken accepted appointment under the Continental Society as missionary for Germany, and in December located in Hamburg to begin work. Having joined an Independent congregation in London he carried a letter to a church of that denomination in Hamburg. Here the pastor, Rev. T. W. Matthews, had the insight at once to perceive the worth of the young missionary and not only took him to live in his own home but provided a suitable room for his work. Pastor Matthews also gave Oncken a pocket Bible with an inscription that was to prove significantly prophetic for both the men. It was a quotation from Joshua 1:8: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate thereon day and night, *that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is*

written therein; for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and thou shalt have good success." Had Matthews known the course God had planned for Oncken and wished to lead his mind into it and prepare his heart for it, no text in all the Bible could more fitly have been chosen. And likewise no passage could more fitly set forth the attitude and outcome of Oncken's life. Cooke well says: "Mr. Oncken was what, in olden times, was called 'a right Bible man.' He believed in plenary inspiration and in the infallibility and authority of the Bible; its word was to him the end of strife, 'Holy writ' was God's word written, the Bible was the word of God." God had providentially led him to Hamburg to begin his work and now he binds him up thus with Matthews. Later when Matthews learned that Oncken was being led by the command of the word of the law to the Baptist position and was contemplating baptism he urged him by no means to do this. To enlighten Oncken he preached a sermon on the subject, by which Oncken was the more confirmed in his course and two Methodist ministers in the audience were led to become Baptists. The sermon was also not without its influence on Matthews himself since he later became a Baptist pastor in London and at length in Boston.

BEGINNING OF HIS WORK AND HIS PERSECUTIONS.

But here we have gotten ahead of the story. No sooner had the missionary begun active work in 1824

than opposition began, soon to express itself in persecution. His work was that of an evangelistic colporter, in connection with which he very soon began holding meetings in which he preached repentance and the regenerate life. Such preaching to people practically all hereditary church members to whom the sacramental functions of "baptism" and confirmation had been administered, treating them as if unsaved, involved the practical denial of the saving efficacy of the Church. Oncken was not a member of the state Church and had no legal warrant for preaching. To minister to an Independent church community, made up mainly of foreigners, as in the case of Pastor Matthews, was a very different matter from general evangelistic preaching which could be condemned for proselytizing. Oncken's ministry and his gospel were both in contravention of those of the state Church.

In 1825 he originated the first Sunday school in Germany. This meant a new cause for opposition. Of the twenty-five Lutheran ministers then in the city but one approved this "English plant" being rooted in German soil. So fierce did persecution become, the missionary was driven to holding meetings in cellars, garrets, vile and obscure alleys and such out-of-the-way places as he might gather the people into. He had been getting his Bibles through a friend from the depot of a society whose manager was a "Rationalistic pastor." When once he sent a messenger direct for a supply the agent said: "What becomes of all the Bibles,

does the man eat them? He shall not have any more." "Mr. Oncken then went himself, but when the pastor heard his name he exclaimed, 'So you are the man that preaches in cellars and garrets, everywhere! Your cursed preaching! Whoever told you to preach?" He replied, 'The Lord Jesus has commanded me to preach.' 'The devil has commanded you,' was the reply as he sprang to his feet in a rage."

In 1826 Oncken fled from Hamburg to Bremen, where many were led to the Lord in his meetings; but the next year he is back in Hamburg. The year 1828 was very notable in the life of our hero. Then it was he became agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society, a position which he held for exactly fifty years, during which he distributed more than two million Bibles and almost innumerable tracts, and retired from this office with the signal honor of the society. In the same year he began a book business which he also maintained until 1878 when, according to his own plans, he turned it over to the German Baptist Union to be conducted in connection with the American Baptist Publication Society, while he received an annuity of a thousand dollars until his death.

ON THE WAY TO THE BAPTISTS.

Already Oncken had "doubts of the scripturalness of the rite generally called baptism, both of the mode of its ministration by sprinkling and of the subjects, un-

conscious babes," so that he was unwilling to yield to the urgent wish of the Lutheran ministers in Bremen that he accept orders and a pastorate in that church.

In 1829 he faced the question of christening his first child and declined to have it done. He was now in the highway to the complete Baptist position at which he arrived five years later.

The account of his journey to the Baptist fold can be taken largely from his address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Hamburg Baptist church: "When it pleased God to call the poor sinner, who is now addressing you, to His fellowship, and he had learned to love the Holy Scriptures, it soon became a fixed principle for the remainder of his life, in matters of faith not to accept anything, whoever might have believed and taught it, unless it could be proved clearly and distinctly by a word recorded by the Holy Spirit. * * * it became clear to him, although he had previously not heard or known of Baptists in America or England, that infant baptism, or more correctly, infant sprinkling, had no place in the New Testament." As to the act of baptism he was similarly led. "Gradually he perceived it to be alike the blessed privilege and sacred duty of all those who have been regenerated by the Holy Spirit to follow the Lord in baptism. Some other brethren at the same time arrived at the same conviction. There was, however, no Philip at hand. In 1829 I wrote for the first time to a baptized Christian, Mr. Robert Haldane, of

Edinburgh * * *. This dear man gave me the extraordinary advice to baptize myself. * * * from Matthew to Revelation I could find no case of self-baptism, and * * * would not act on my own responsibility. Brother Lange, who shared my views, found with me that our only recourse was prayer, * * *. Some few desired that we should at least together partake of the Lord's Supper, but to this I could not consent, feeling sure that, if the work was begun in a wrong manner, it would also be continued in a wrong way, and I cannot now sufficiently praise the Lord that He overruled us in the matter and that we did not venture to constitute a church for which we have no example in the New Testament. I then wrote to Mr. Iveney, a Baptist minister in London, who, in reply, asked me to come to London to be baptized there, but at the time I was so fully engaged with pressing work concerning the Kingdom of God, that I did not feel justified to undertake a journey which would, in those days, have necessitated an absence of two months."

The next winter God sent to Hamburg an American, Captain Calvin Tubbs, whose ship was icebound and he was compelled to spend six months in Hamburg. He met and had fellowship with Oncken and his friends and upon his release reported the case to the Baptist Missionary Society in Boston. They, in turn, found in Prof. Barnas Sears, going to Germany for study in 1833, an opportunity to minister to the waiting brethren. Dr. Sears found "a man interesting from every point of view. He is about thirty years of age, married in Eng-

land, and is well acquainted with the English language. He has not, indeed, had the advantage of a very learned education, but possesses a clear and penetrating understanding, is well read, a man of unusual practical experience and of a very agreeable appearance and gentlemanly manner. He has the confidence of Tholuck, Hahn, Hengstenberg, and many other distinguished men of the Evangelical party, who are associated with him in the distribution of Bibles and tracts." This was in the summer of 1833. Dr. Sears regarded that "Oncken and his friends were ready and fully prepared to receive baptism, but as Oncken was just on the point of starting on a journey to Poland, for the Scotch Bible Society, and did not consider it wise to leave the little flock immediately after they had been baptized, the baptism was postponed until in April, 1834. Professor Sears came from Halle, * * and the important baptism took place." On a beautiful evening "the little party left the city, soon after sunset * *; these faithful disciples knew well that they were in danger of being punished and having their goods seized by the authorities of the city for daring thus to obey their Lord's precept and command. There was also a certain gloomy prison, the spirit-crushing interior of which their leader was to know only too well. The brave little party consisted of J. G. Oncken and his wife, Sarah Oncken; a shoemaker and his wife, Diedrich and Henrietta Lange; another shoemaker, Heinrich Kruger; a looking-glass maker, Ernest Buckendahl; and Johannes Gusdorf, a

Jewish proselyte and linen draper," with Professor Sears. There, in the twilight that lingers so beautifully under Northern skies, these seven put on Christ in baptism and inaugurated a new era in Germany and all Europe. They returned joyfully to the city in the darkness of the night and in darkness so far as their earthly future was lighted by anything but hope in God for whom they were ready to suffer all things.

At once these Baptists fell under the contempt and suspicion of all the truth and slander that tradition had brought down through two centuries concerning Anabaptists. Inevitably they would be misunderstood and even friends who did not censure would necessarily be separated from them. This Oncken had fully reckoned in the price of obedience and in all his persecutions bore himself absolutely without bitterness and in the manner of the true Christian, seeking the good of even his enemies. He was secretary of a German tract society which now severed relations with him; he had to give up his work in the Sunday school which he had founded, and of course he surrendered his membership in the Independent church.

One serious consideration leading him to separate himself from pedobaptism was his concern for the converts and friends made in evangelistic labors and to whose spiritual needs he would minister the better if formed into New Testament groups of believers. But now many of these would go no more with him, while

influential friends of this work who stood high in the Lutheran church could no longer be friendly.

Because the course of the Baptists was in violation of law their baptisms were administered at night and the enemies seized upon this fact to circulate scandalous stories about the Baptists. They determined to brave the consequences of open obedience before all men. The authorities sought to stamp out the innovation by offering to Oncken a free passage for himself and family to America; but God had placed him in Germany and there he must proclaim the word. He would not leave. He was thrown into the Winserbaum prison, which rose up out of the waters of the Elbe, the stench of whose filth added to his suffering and planted seeds of disease from which in after years he suffered much. His friends would gather on Sundays on a near-by bridge and wave to him greetings which he understood. It was not long until he one night heard in a cell above him, singing in a voice that he recognized as that of his friend, Lange, and he joined with him as Paul with Silas in Philippi, so long before. The saints found means of communicating with him by use of a false bottom in a coffee pot, by inclosing notes in bread and in other ways. The prison guard detected a note inside a loaf and demanding it, read, "Dear brother, the Lord's work goes on well, may that comfort and refresh your spirit. Yesterday we met in twelve places; the police were hunting for us but failed to find us."

IN PRISONS OFTEN.

It would be useless to tell of all the persecutions Oncken suffered. It is doubtful whether he himself had any record of the times he was in prison or the many fines he refused to pay only to have his goods taken away. These things continued in his own city until in 1857 full tolerance, and in 1858 religious equality was declared in Hamburg. Outside Hamburg and in his two journeys into Russia his sufferings continued through his entire ministry. After 1848 Oncken was largely at liberty in Hamburg. In that year political upheavals stirred Europe and revolution spread in Germany. It was found that although they greatly desired increased freedom, "not one of the five thousand members" of the Baptist churches took any part in the revolutionary movements; a leading official, Senator Binder, said to Mr. Oncken: "Your conduct and that of your members has been so noble, that we must give you all you ask, and henceforth anything I can do to serve you, I shall be happy to do." This was the same man who early in the movement had declared that "everything possible would be done to root out the Baptist heresy;" and, when Oncken had reminded him that no purely religious movement had ever been suppressed by force and that he would find his labor in vain, replied: "Then it shall not be my fault, but so long as I can move my little finger, it shall be raised against you."

LAYING FAR-REACHING FOUNDATIONS.

These missionary journeys were a feature of all his ministry, and for fifty years Oncken was the recognized father of the Baptist brotherhood scattered throughout Germany and with groups in Vienna and other Austria-Hungarian centers as well as in Denmark and Russia. Many of these he had formed in spite of the watchful and pursuing vengeance of the authorities. Driven away from one community he would flee to another and leave behind a line of baptized converts. Then he must visit again the brethren to see how they fared and confirm them in the faith. He was also much given to, and gifted in, the writing of letters by which he encouraged those whom he could not visit. In 1849 he began the more formal training of ministers, beginning what came to be the Hamburg Theological Seminary. He found from time to time that God was giving him able men for helpers. In 1837 he baptized six converts at Berlin and founded the church there, including G. W. Lehmann, a man of learning and power, two of whose sons have succeeded the distinguished father in great service to the Baptist cause in Germany.

In 1835 the American Baptist Missionary Union appointed Oncken their missionary and as such gave him splendid encouragement and such financial support as was possible through all the years. In 1853 he made an extended trip to America which was a joy to him and a blessing to others. But he was caught in a dis-

astrous railway wreck, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

When he gave up his labors he had experienced much suffering for his Lord, but he had also seen the salvation of the Lord. "His safety and even his life were often endangered by the fury of mobs, and until 1848 he was subjected to expulsions, fines and imprisonment;" in one state a reward was offered for his arrest; "in Denmark he was declared an outlaw and a judicial decree was issued threatening with the severest penalties any person concealing his whereabouts," while a reward was offered to any who would reveal him. Of this period Oncken has written: "Our baptisms all took place under cover of the night and on my missionary journeys * * I was banished successively from almost every state in Germany. I could never travel as an honest man by daylight, but was compelled to journey on foot in the darkness, to hold services, examine candidates, administer the ordinances, and form churches in the dead of night, and take care to be across the frontiers before the break of day for fear of my pursuers." He had also the distress of seeing his converts suffer the most bitter persecutions.

HE SAW THE HARVEST RIPENING.

But in the end he saw all the varied institutions of free Christianity growing up, a large measure of religious freedom gained in Germany and elsewhere; he could

meet with the German Baptist Union of more than one hundred and fifty churches, thirty-one thousand, three hundred and forty-eight members, seventeen thousand Sunday school children; he knew of thousands of German Baptists who had gone to America; he had communication with growing Baptist communities in Austria, Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary, Poland, Holland, Switzerland, Transcaucasia, and throughout Russia. It was wonderful the progress of one lifetime. And more than any one man God had used him to accomplish it. When the infirmities of age called him away to Zurich to await the summons of the Master, he went with the love of many thousands to whom he had brought the light of God; and could in peace commit his soul and his service to God. They carried the body to Hamburg and erected a memorial stone, an obelisk of granite, on which is inscribed:

JOHANN GERHARD ONCKEN,
BORN 26 JANUARY, 1800,
DIED 2 JANUARY, 1884.

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Eph. 4:5.
"And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."—Acts 2:42.

January 26, 1900, his centenary was observed in the Hamburg church and a tablet erected to commemorate his life and work. His biographer says of him: "He

was the pioneer and leader of the great free church movement on the continent of Europe with its attendant development of liberty both of thought and action." Dr. Joseph Angus wrote: "No man more deserves to be remembered and honored for the grace in him. He has done more for evangelical truth on the continent than any other man—than any number of men in this century." Spurgeon came increasingly to admire and love him and when the new chapel was opened for the Hamburg church in 1867, went to make an address and had great satisfaction in renewing fellowship with a man of whom he wrote at his death: "That country has lost in Oncken a much greater man than she will today believe." He was the leader of that body of which Principal Cairns once wrote: "I have just returned from Germany, where I find that by their character, losses and advocacy, the Baptists have secured for themselves and others, religious liberty—little short of a second reformation." Such achievement is won only by suffering; but is worth suffering to win.

W. O. Carver, Th.D.,
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A ROLL CALL OF CHINESE MARTYRS.

"Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath, on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee to thy face."

This sneer of the wicked one has been often repeated through the ages and often Jehovah has permitted Satan to do his worst in testing God's people, with the result that they have gone through the fire without faltering. One of the latest and most marked examples is that of the native Christians in China during the Boxer uprising in 1900. This Boxer movement was not primarily antagonistic to the Christian religion. It was an uprising against all foreigners, resulting largely from political conditions. The missionaries were included simply because they were foreigners and the native Christians suffered, not so much because they were Christians, but they were regarded as followers of the foreigners.

The whole aim of the persecution was intended to force the native Christians to give up a religion which had been introduced by foreigners.

Almost the whole world doubted the genuineness of the Christianity of the Chinese. The epithet "Rice Christians" was universally on the lips of ungodly men and not infrequently uttered by professing Christians in this country. In its full meaning, it was an emphatic repetition of the sneering words of Satan concerning Job. But the fateful summer of 1900 proved the profound falsity of the charge. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews was repeated in every particular, condensed into a narrow scope of space and time and brought up to date. When the awful cry, "Kill! Kill!" rang through all the cities and villages of several provinces, especially in North China, and sword and fire devastated the country, thousands upon thousands of Chinese Christians suffered the loss of all things, endured the most fiendish tortures and thousands of them went bravely to the martyr's death. "So great was the heroism which many of them displayed that their murderers cut out their hearts to discover, if possible, the source of such splendid courage."

The wonder grows when we realize that for most of them, it was the easiest thing in the world to escape either loss, torture or death. They were given the opportunity to recant either in words, by burning a stick of incense in an idol temple or by trampling upon a rude figure of the cross, drawn in the road. It was the express wish and command of the authorities that they should recant and preserve the peace. Their heathen friends and relatives stood by entreating them, for the sake of

their country and families, to deny their Lord by word, or act, at least as a temporary expedient, even though they did not mean it in their hearts. We must remember that in China the lie of expediency is very common and is held by the sage Confucius as being entirely justifiable; "yet thousands of them faced entreaty, promise, threat and torture and to the death refused to deny their faith in Jesus Christ or to offer worship to the images in the home or the temple."

It would be unreasonable to expect that all the Chinese who professed to be Christians could stand the test. There were some church members who were not truly converted and they deserted as soon as danger approached, and there were a few "babes in Christ" who were swept before the awful tempest that broke upon them. But the wonder is that there were so few of either class. They constituted only a small fraction of the whole number of professing Christians and most of them afterwards came back to the churches and like Peter, with bitter tears and broken hearts, lamented their cowardly denial of their Lord.

The greatest number of Baptist martyrs in 1900 was in connection with the English Baptist Mission in Shansi Province.

The loss of missionary lives is said to have been greater in this province than that in all the other provinces together and the slaughter of the native Christians was terrible. The reason for this is that the notorious governor, Yu Hsien, had been transferred from Shan-

tung to Shansi and had here a free hand for the execution of his treacherous, blood-thirsty designs, unrestrained by the presence of foreign marines. The number of Chinese Baptists that suffered martyrdom in this province is variously estimated, one hundred and twelve being the lowest figure given. All the other native members of Baptist churches were scattered, hunted like wild beasts as they hid away in grain fields and in caves of the mountains and they suffered the loss of all that they had. It is said that the fidelity of the native Christians in this province was indeed remarkable for two reasons; with few exceptions perfect immunity from persecution was assured to all who obeyed the governor's orders to renounce Christianity and it was the first generation of Christians who had to stand the test, as none of those in mature life had become Christians in their youth.

FOR LOVE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Many of the native Christians who suffered martyrdom could have easily escaped but for their fidelity to the missionaries and their efforts to protect those to whom their hearts were bound by ties of gratitude and of faith in one Father.

One of those who thus suffered was a Mr. Chang. When a group of English Baptist missionaries were fleeing for their lives from Hsin Chou, they were welcomed to the home of Mr. Chang. He was a noble Christian man and did everything possible for their relief; but as

they were not safe in his home, they were carried to a refuge in a mountain cave. A few days later, Mr. Chang started to visit them. On the way, he was captured by villagers who held him until Boxers from Hsin Chou arrived. These Boxers were seeking the hidden foreigners and demanded that Mr. Chang should guide them. He resisted all their promises and threatenings and resolutely refused to give a clew to their whereabouts and when they set upon him with swords and sticks, he endured unto death without betraying his friends.

Another noble Christian man, a Mr. Ho, sixty years of age, had accompanied the missionaries on their flight and remained with them in their hiding place for about two weeks. Then he went out on a scouting expedition to see if it were possible for them to escape. He fell into the hands of the Boxers who delivered him to a magistrate. He was put in handcuffs and the next day summoned to the Judgment Hall and asked to tell where the missionaries were hiding. The old man refused to tell and the angry magistrate commanded his officers to beat him with the bamboo. Repeatedly, the cruel strokes were stayed for the question, "Where are the foreigners?" But the lips of the sufferer still refused to answer. He was mocked and taunted, but nothing could wring from him his precious secret. When a thousand heavy strokes had fallen on his bleeding body, he was dragged to a prison, half insensible, still handcuffed and his feet were placed in the stocks. For four days

he suffered cruel tortures and went down to death with his lips still sealed.

At Shou Yang, a Rev. Mr. Pigott and his wife, with a number of other missionaries, had carried on for a long time an independent work which was very successful. It is not certain, but is probable that these independent missionaries were English Baptists. In 1900, the work was taken over by the English Baptist Mission and Dr. E. H. Edwards, a brother of Mrs. Pigott, is still connected with the work. A young shepherd, by the name of Li Pai, purchased from Mr. Pigott a copy of the gospel of Luke. He was greatly impressed by it and gave up his idol worship. When Mr. and Mrs. Pigott visited his village, he took from his bosom, the little book, carefully wrapped, saying eagerly, "I have read about Jesus in this book. He was a wonderful man and did great work. Who was he? Why did they kill him?" In a little while, this earnest inquirer became a true believer in Jesus as his Savior, and giving up his work as a shepherd, had gone to help the missionaries in Shou Yang. When the awful storm of persecution broke, he did all that he could for the missionaries. When the magistrate ordered the missionaries to leave, Li Pai gathered all the Christians together to receive the farewell message of Mr. Pigott. A Christian woman who was in the hospital for treatment and her husband Yen Lai Pao, at once invited the missionaries to their homes in a lowly mountain village a long day's journey away. For this kindly service, the entire family of this Christian man and

woman were hunted down through the mountains, cruelly tortured and slain until only six were left out of a large number.

It was Li Pai, who guided the Christians to their hiding place. When they were found by the Boxers and Mr. Pigott knew that there was no longer any chance to escape, he took Li Pai aside and urged him to leave at once for the province of Chihli, knowing that in this way the young man could easily escape; but Li Pai said, "I do not wish to leave you. Wherever you go, I am quite willing to go." Mr. Pigott still urged his faithful friend to leave because he could not help by remaining. Li Pai protested. Then Mr. Pigott said firmly, "You must go." Thus forbidden to accompany the missionaries, who were compelled to return to Shou Yang, Li Pai followed at a distance until he saw them enter the city gate about midnight. Then he took refuge in an empty shed by day and stole out at night to enquire about his beloved friends. For several days, he had nothing to eat except grass and a little unripe grain which he gathered. Hearing that the missionaries were to be sent to Tai Yuan Fu, he stationed himself on the road that he might get a glimpse of them. He followed them all the way, traveling by night to avoid discovery. Then he hid outside the city, drawn by his love for the missionaries to risk all in order to be near them and to know their fate. At last all the missionaries were cruelly murdered. For two days, Li Pai wandered aimlessly about, stunned with grief and then made his way to Chihli Province

after seven weary weeks of wandering. After the storm was over, he met Dr. Edwards in Tsientsin and told him of the death of his sister, Mrs. Pigott. It was the last pathetic service which he could render to those whom he loved.

FAITHFUL WITNESSES.

Many of these Christians suffered death because of their fidelity in witnessing for Christ. One of these was Choa Hsi Mao, who was so well known as a Christian that his friends urged him to leave his home, and seek a hiding place, but he refused to flee. In July, the Boxers seized him with his nineteen year old wife, his mother and his sister, placed them bound upon a cart while their home was going up in smoke. Though they knew that they were on their way to the martyr's death, they sang together the hymn, "He Leadeth Me" and their hearts were strengthened as they sang:

"E'en death's cold wave, I will not flee
Since God through Jordan leadeth me."

When they reached a vacant spot outside their own village, they were taken from the cart. The man was first beheaded with a huge knife used for cutting straw. Still the faith of the women did not fail them. They would not recant. The old mother said, "You have killed my son. You can kill me," and the cruel knife did its work. The sister and the young wife were

still steadfast and the sister said, "My brother and mother are dead. Kill me too. I will not recant." When only the young wife was left, she pointed to the three bodies saying, "You have killed my husband, my mother and sister; I will go with them," and she too was numbered with the martyr roll.

Another man of considerable influence and distinction, because he had been conspicuous in preaching Christ to his neighbors, was Mr. Hsi, who was seized by the Boxers. He was bound and taken to a temple where he was commanded to bow to the Boxer leader. He replied, "I am a child of God. I will not kneel to devils." In a great rage, the leader ordered him to be beaten. Prone on the ground, with blows falling on his body, he still refused to kneel. His hands and feet were bound together behind him and slung on a pole, he was carried outside the village and put to death by the sword. Two of his friends had been tried in the village temple and the Boxers had decreed that they must die unless they recanted. This they at once refused to do. They were carried to the spot where Mr. Hsi's body lay and given a last chance to renounce Christianity, but, loyal to their Master, they chose to die.

Another faithful witness was Mr. Chou, who had been placed in charge of a village chapel. On the approach of danger, his friends urged him to leave, but he said, "I have been appointed to this station and I shall not desert my post." He even sent a message to the magistrate saying that if the Christians were in fault,

he was responsible and asking that if it was necessary he should be punished and that the others might go unmolested. The storm broke over the little company in the chapel just at the close of service. A few of them escaped in the confusion. Others were captured and killed on the spot. The Boxers dragged the evangelist into the main street and beat him until he lay unconscious. When he regained consciousness, he arose to his knees, when a voice cried out, "See, he is praying even now. Drag him to the fire." He stretched out his hands towards the burning chapel and said, "You need not drag me. I will go." Quietly, he walked into the burning building and its blazing ruins fell about his devoted head.

Another Christian, by the name of Kao, was hunted out and his house set on fire. While it was burning, he was taken to the city for trial. "Why did you join the church," asked the Boxer chief. He replied, "Because it is good." "Why, then do you injure people?" He said, "We do not harm any one." "Well," said the chief, "if you will leave this foreign sect and worship Buddha, we will let you go." But with marvelous courage he refused to deny his Lord and while the ruins of the little chapel were still smouldering, he was thrown into the fire and soon his wife's ashes lay with his. Three other members of his family were numbered with the martyrs.

Time fails to tell the story of the record of all these brave Christians connected with our English Baptist Mis-

sion in Shansi. One more striking example must suffice.

A man by the name of Wang, who had been a reckless, wicked man, a gambler and opium smoker, had been converted and was well known for the remarkable change which had taken place in his life. He went out as a colporter to sell books and in all the region he was known as a Christian. The Boxers seized him and, bleeding from many sword cuts, he was carried for a so-called trial to the military "yamen," or court.

A man in the crowd said, "We know that you were formerly a bad character, but that you have reformed. Only leave the foreign sect and you will not be killed." Other voices joined in urging him to escape death by leaving the "foreign sect." He said, "I have already left the foreign sect (meaning by that Buddhism) and now follow the Heavenly doctrine and worship the Supreme Ruler and believe in Jesus Christ." With many words, he witnessed to the one true God before the crowd. At last, the Boxer leader cried out impatiently, "He will not leave the religion of the foreigners. Let him be killed." Outside the west gate of the city, with barbarous cruelty, he was put to death, bearing witness to the last to the Savior's power to redeem ruined lives.

THE BOXERS AND OUR OWN WORK

The part of our work which was most affected by the Boxer uprising was our North China Mission in

Shantung Province. In this province, no foreign missionaries were slain and only a few native Christians suffered martyrdom. This was due mainly to two causes—the notorious Yu Hsien had been removed to Shansi Province and in his place Yuan Shi Kai had been appointed governor. The latter, one of the most remarkable of the Chinese viceroys, has been the leader of the modern educational and other reform movements and was a disciple of the famous Li Hung Chang. He stopped the dreadful work of destruction which had already been started by his predecessor and with marvelous courage, changed the imperial edict which read, "Kill the Foreigners" to read "Protect the Foreigners" and had it posted throughout the province. It is impossible to estimate the number of lives that were thus saved by his courage.

Then, too, our United States consul at Chefoo, Hon. John Fowler, was a faithful and watchful friend to the missionaries. He advised all of them on the approach of danger to take refuge in the port cities, where they would be under the protection of the foreign war vessels. At his own personal risk, he chartered two steamers at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars per day each to go up the coast from Chefoo to bring down the missionaries to that city. Dr. Hartwell bears personal testimony to the readiness which the consul, Mr. Fowler. ever manifested to do what he could in behalf of both missionaries and native Christians. It is worthy of mention also, that Mr. J. F. Seaman, of Shanghai, whose

wife is the daughter of Mrs. Matthew T. Yates, placed his bungalow in Chefoo at the disposal of the consul for the use of the missionary refugees, the only condition being that a place should be reserved for our Southern Baptist missionaries.

Another bright page in the history of those dark days is the record of the generosity of some of our Chinese Baptist churches in California. Let us hear the story in the words of the veteran missionary, Dr. J. B. Hartwell.

"Soon after the news of the persecutions of Christians in Shantung reached America, our dear Chinese brethren in San Francisco and Oakland among whom it had been my privilege to preach the Gospel for many years, promptly and unsolicited, collected and sent to me for the relief of persecuted Baptists in this province one hundred Mexican dollars. Later they sent me two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents for the same purpose. This seemed to me one of the most beautiful fruits of our blessed religion; that these few converts from heathenism, as soon as they heard of the persecutions of their brethren, not one of whom they had ever seen or expected to see in this life, without solicitation from any living man, but, as moved by the spirit of Christian love, collected together promptly and sent forward between three and four hundred dollars for their temporal relief."

One of the most beautiful stories of Christian heroism connected with those dark days is told of

Mrs. Wong Gi Pin. She was a widow of a noble Chinese brother whose liberality had started and maintained a school at Tengchow. Mr. Wong was cared for when a poor child by one of the lady missionaries, who had been compelled for some reason to return to this country. While he lived, knowing of the needy condition of his benefactress, he repeatedly sent her most liberal gifts of money and when about to die, one of the last charges he left with his wife was that she should take care of his benefactress. Only a short time before the Boxer outbreak, she had sent money to this lady in America. During the bombardment of Tsientsin, where she resided, shells were bursting all around her and a portion of one, breaking through her roof, whizzed by her head and struck the table beside which she was sitting. Of course, she had to flee. She had about two hundred dollars with which to pay her way and that of her household to Chefoo. On her way to the steamer, she was robbed of her money and left without a penny with which to make her escape. Fortunately, the head of the English firm where her husband had been employed for many years, was an excellent Christian man and gave her help in her extremity. He saw her safe on board of a vessel for Chefoo and furnished means for the transportation of herself and household. Her houses in Tsientsin were destroyed and all of the money which she had in the bank was lost. With a beautiful resignation, she endured her losses, thankful to God that the lives of her family had been preserved and that

she was led to send the money to America when she did. She said, "If I had not done it then, I could not do it now." After the outbreak was over, she was able to recuperate to some extent her shattered fortune and continued her good work.

While the native Christians suffered the severest persecution in some parts of the field, only a few of them were killed. They were bound, beaten, robbed and imprisoned. Many of them took refuge in the grain fields and others fled to the mountains to escape the cruel Boxers, but in the midst of it all, almost without exception, they remained faithful. Many of them seemed to be inspired with the same heroic spirit as that which was manifested by Pastor Li, a man who is still doing such a wonderful work in the Pingtu Mission. He had gone with the missionaries to Tsingtau and was entirely safe, but he could not rest contented. He said, "I will return to my brethren. If they suffer, I will suffer too. If they die, I will die with them." He went back to his field where he continued almost constantly to preach and baptize believers.

We have on record the account of only two of our Baptists in Shantung, who suffered martyrdom. One of these was an evangelist by the name of Wu. At a time when all was quiet in Tengchow, one of the missionaries, passing along the street, saw a strange man preaching to a crowd which had gathered around him. The missionary stopped and listened, was pleased at what the man said and inquired of him who he was

and whence he had learned the doctrine of Christ. He answered that his name was Wu, that about four years before that time, he had been baptized by missionary Sears near Pingtu, and that of his own accord, he had started out with his Bible to preach, begging his way as he went. The missionary took him to the home of Dr. Hartwell and after carefully examining him, they became satisfied that his story was true. He could tell all about the missionaries and their work and told Dr. Hartwell that he had been present at the Association the fall before when it met in Pingtu and had heard Dr. Hartwell preach. He remained in Dr. Hartwell's home for some days, hearing the truth as it was preached in the chapel and helping in the work. Then it was necessary for Dr. Hartwell to take refuge in Chefoo and he advised the evangelist to escape. Dr. Hartwell supplied him with a little money and with some books and bade him good-bye, believing him to be an earnest Christian, who had been moved by the Spirit of God to go forth, preaching the Gospel to his own people. Before many days, a report came to the missionaries in Chefoo that three strangers had been taken up in a village between Tengchow and Chefoo, one of whom had Christian books and confessed himself to be a Christian, while the others said that they were not Christians, but were merely traveling with this Christian man. From all that the missionaries could learn, the evangelist was either buried alive, or cast, bound hand and foot, into the sea. Wu was never heard of again and the mission-

aries were sure that he was the man who had suffered martyrdom.

More thrilling still is the story of the aged evangelist, Sun Hwe Teh. He was a native pastor in charge of the Shang Tswong church near Hwanghien. Notwithstanding the disturbed conditions of the country, he went regularly from his home some distance away to preach at the church. On his last visit to the church, he stopped at the home of a young brother by the name of Lin. This young brother, while he had only been baptized a year previously, had passed through severe persecution. While he was absent attending church, a band of Boxers came to his village and frightened his wife and mother so that they fled to another village under the cover of night, one of them being badly hurt in their flight. On his return, he could find no trace of them and the villagers surrounded and threatened him. An armed man watched at his back gate by night to prevent his escape, while others howled around the place. He saw them breaking down his gate and chopping it to pieces. He finally managed to escape and ran for miles, praying all the time, and thus saved himself. When quiet was restored in the village, he and his family were at home once more and evangelist Sun spent several nights with them. As he was going on, he tried to persuade Mr. Lin to go with him, but his wife begged him to remain at home to take care of the family. "Fortunately," he says, "I listened to

my wife's words and so escaped a fate like that of Sun Hwe Teh."

The old evangelist went on to his appointment at Shang Tswong and returning, spent the night at an inn. While it was not necessary for him to make known that he was a Christian, he did not hesitate to tell the people that he was an evangelist. Next morning, he started on his way, but was followed by the innkeeper and the head of the clan and taken back. His traveling bag was searched. Sun was a sort of a doctor. He had learned something of simple remedies from the missionaries and carried medicines with him to relieve the sufferings of his people.

It is necessary to say that bands of men employed by the Boxers had been going through the country, smearing blood upon the doors of certain people and the superstition prevailed that people whose doors were smeared with blood, unless they would take an antidote prescribed by the Boxers, would go crazy and kill themselves within seven days. These same men had also been hired to put poison into the wells of the people and both of these things had been laid to the charge of the Christians in order that the Boxers might have some pretext for persecuting and killing them.

They found in the bag of the old evangelist a little santonine, which is a very popular medicine among the Chinese. They found also several kinds of little pills. They charged that the santonine was for poisoning the wells and that the little pills were blood for

smearing on doors. The old man's hands were tied behind him and he was hung up by his hands thus bent back of him and a heavy stone was tied to his feet to increase his torture. They hoped in this way to force him to recant. During the day, he was let down and at night he was hung up again. He was kept in this torture for three days. Then he begged to be allowed to hire some men to go to his home which was about twenty miles away and to bring someone to identify him and give security for his character. When the men from his village arrived, he was allowed to go free, but he was in such a condition that he could not walk and had to be carried to his home in a shentze. When he reached home, his friends found that the wounds on his wrists from the cutting of the ropes and the burns which had been inflicted on his hands had become infected and blood poisoning had set in. Dr. Hartwell, hearing of his condition from a grandson, who had been sent to Chefoo with the news, had the old man brought to the mission hospital in Chefoo, where everything that medical skill could accomplish was done for him. They feared that he would lose his hands and his body was covered with bruises from kicks which he had received. The old man suffered patiently, but did not seem to improve. Many of the missionaries visited him, talked with him to try to bring him some comfort and prayed with him. His strength gradually gave way and on the morning of the first of August, at four o'clock, the old man's grandson came to Dr. Hartwell's window to tell him that

his grandfather had just passed peacefully away. Thus, the aged evangelist joined that noble company of martyrs who have witnessed for the Master throughout the ages.

When at last the awful persecution had been brought to an end and the missionaries were permitted to return to their fields, many were the pathetic meetings between them and the native brethren to whom they were devoting their lives. At the first service in Tengchow, the son of the old evangelist was present and though his father had been martyred and his family had suffered greatly, he could join in praise to God for His goodness. In recounting the trials through which they had passed, one of the native Christians was heard to say, "Whatever happens, Christ will be King in China."

Thus, our Baptist brethren in that far off land sealed their faith with their blood. The mouths of those who had called them "Rice Christians" were forever shut, and among their own people their heroism and willingness to die for the faith has had a wonderful effect and now thousands of them are turning to the Savior and joining the ranks of those whom they formerly persecuted.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, D.D.,
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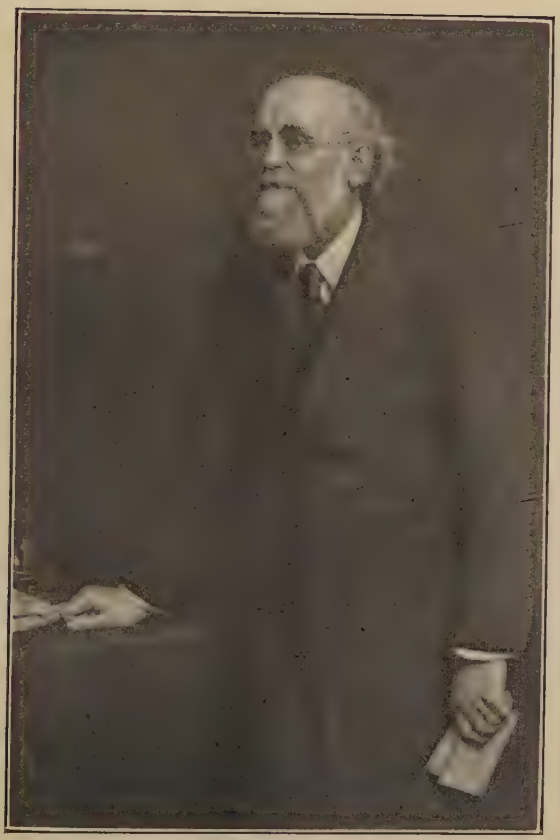
JOHN CLIFFORD,

HERO OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

For the twenty-ninth time John Clifford has gone before the magistrate to make protest against paying the tax under the famous (and infamous) Education Act of 1902 whereby Nonconformists are compelled to support priestly and popish teaching in the schools of England. It is an outrageous situation. Real Protestants in England object to the teaching and cannot endure to have to pay to have their children taught what they spurn as heresy. It is intolerable to every lover of liberty in the world. Mr. A. J. Balfour, when premier of Great Britain, put through Parliament this iniquitous act with the great majority secured by the Conservative party during the Boer War. The nation had no chance to express itself on the question till the wrong was done. Mr. Balfour ridiculed the Nonconformists and jeered at their helplessness. To keep still would be to see the children of England taught popish practices. In the end it would mean the death of real freedom and the triumph of ecclesiasticism. There were many voices raised in protest. Men were not slow to see how much was at stake. But it was Dr. John Clifford, pastor of

the Westbourne Park Chapel, London, who gave expression to the deepest feelings of the people on this subject. He had been getting ready for this crisis all his life and soon his voice rang out with tremendous power all over England. He organized the "Passive Resistance Movement" along with Sir George White and others, which gave tangible shape to the protest of the people. Men and ministers went to jail rather than pay the stipend for ecclesiastical tyranny. Others suffered distraint of their goods which were seized by the sheriff to pay the unjust tax. There were those in plenty who wished peace at any price and favored acquiescence. Others grew weary in the struggle, which lingered on, but John Clifford made his voice heard as he led the clans and called for volunteers in this heroic battle with ecclesiasticism entrenched in centuries of pride and power. It was a strange and a majestic sight in the opening years of the twentieth century to see the forces of progress in a death-grapple with the legions of reaction in England, the leader of the nations of earth. One had to rub his eyes to see if he were not in the days of Hampden and of Cromwell.

Finally the cloud burst on the heads of the Tories and Campbell-Bannerman came into power in the early days of 1906 with a flood. The Liberals had never had such a majority. It was the answer of the people to Balfour's Education Act. Passive Resistance had done its work. The masses had a chance to vent their wrath at the spectacle of ministers of Christ in jail in Eng-



JOHN CLIFFORD.

land in the twentieth century because they would not pay for ecclesiastical tyranny. The conscience of England had responded to the Baptist conscience as it was personified in John Clifford. At heart the English people are sound and liberty-loving. Many of the battles for human progress have been fought on English soil. This was a belated one, an anachronism in reality due to the English love of conservatism. Hopes ran high on this great victory and Dr. Clifford was the hero of the triumph. It was recognized on all sides that he had made this victory possible. When the Baptist World Alliance was formed in July, 1905, in London, it was the delight of that great body to elect Dr. Clifford as its president. His every appearance was the signal for unbounded enthusiasm. Here was a man who was battling against immeasurable difficulties. The task seemed hopeless, but Dr. Clifford was dauntless. His courage was contagious. So he battled on and others followed. Once again the high hopes of the Liberals were doomed to disappointment. The Liberals came into power pledged to a reform of the Education Act. Unfortunately there were diversities of sentiment among them as to the precise nature of the reform. But, finally, a new act, which removed the chief iniquities of the Balfour act, passed the House of Commons by a good majority. The problem had been how to reconcile those who wished no religious teaching at all in the schools and those who wished the simple Scripture facts and fundamental principles given. It was a knotty

question, but the solution was not hopeless. The House of Lords, however, relieved the Liberals of their troubles by throwing out the bill. The appeal to the country brought the Liberals back, but the result was the same. A great constitutional problem was at last raised by the Budget of David Lloyd-George (another great Baptist champion of liberty, now chancellor of the exchequer) in 1909. This titanic struggle closed after another triumphant appeal to the country, with the loss of the veto power by the House of Lords. It is impossible to over-estimate the significance of this revolution in the British Parliament. Now at last the British democracy can give expression to its will when it clashes with the ecclesiastical aristocracy. It is now conceded on all sides that home rule for Ireland, Welsh disestablishment, repeal of the Education Act are sure to come to pass in the life of this Parliament.

In no little measure this magnificent consummation will be due to two great Baptist statesmen, John Clifford and David Lloyd-George. I call Dr. Clifford a statesman. He is one of the greatest living statesmen in his grasp of the fundamental questions of religious liberty. He is a statesman as John the Baptist was when he cried out against the narrow ecclesiastical assumptions of the Pharisees and Sadducees who prided themselves on having Abraham as their father. He is a statesman as Paul was when he stood for the freedom of the Gentile Christians from the weak and beggarly elements of the ceremonial law and would not yield, no, not for an

hour, to allow Titus to be circumcised. He is a statesman in his powerful grasp of the principles at stake and in his ability to project his conception upon the public mind. I heard him speak on John Bunyan on Elstow Green at Bedford, in July, 1905, and it was a memorable occasion. One felt that here was a man who would gladly go to jail rather than surrender one iota of what he held dearer than life. Dr. Clifford gripped the conscience and fired the imagination of Britain's freemen as few men of this generation have done. Some of the delegates to that first Alliance spoke one evening in Westbourne Park Chapel and it was one of the proudest occasions of our lives to stand on the platform from which John Clifford had sent forth his clarion calls to battle.

Let us hope that our hero will live to see the repeal of the Education Act. That will be his crown, when it comes, whether he lives to see it or not. His heart is still strong at seventy-five. His voice rang forth with tremendous force in Philadelphia in June, 1911, in his great presidential address before the Baptist World Alliance. The audience gave him the ovation of his lifetime. In this address at Philadelphia Dr. Clifford spoke of having just received a summons from the sheriff for payment of the rate under the Education Act. He was in a land where such things are not done, but Dr. Clifford said with spirit that they could sell his goods or send him to jail, but he would not pay the rate. It is well to give a sample of this wonderful apol-

ogetic by Dr. Clifford at Philadelphia as showing the temper of the man:

"But this organization is a World Alliance of Baptists, and that means that the catholic principles on which we base ourselves we derive straight from Jesus, are accepted on His authority, and involve in all who accept them total subjection of soul to His gracious and benignant rule. He is Lord of all, and He only is Lord of all. Our conception of Christ's authority is exclusive. We refuse to everybody and everything the slightest share in it. It is absolute, unlimited, indefeasible, admits of no question, and allows no rival. The right to rule in the religious life is in Him and in no other, be he as saintly as St. Francis, as devout as St. Bernard, as loving as John, or as practical as Paul; not in any offices, papal, episcopal or ministerial, not in tradition, though it may interpret the goings of the Spirit of God and illustrate the effects of obedience and disobedience; not in the Old Testament not yet in the New, though their working values are great, since they enable us to know His mind, understand His laws of conduct, and partake more freely of His Spirit; not in the long annals of the life of the church or the agreement of "the whole church" at one special moment; yet we welcome the illumination church history affords of His administration of the social life of His people, of its aim and spirit, of its difficulties and hindrances, and of the sufficiency of His grace. Jesus Christ holds with us the

first place and the last. His word is final. His rule is supreme.

"In short, the deepest impulse of Baptist life has been the upholding of the sole and exclusive authority of Christ Jesus against all possible encroachment from churches, from sections of churches, from the whole church at any special moment of its life and action, as in a council, from the traditions of the elders, from the exegesis of scholars, and from the interesting but needless theories of philosophers. It is the momentum of that one cardinal idea which has swept us along to our present position.

"And now it follows upon that, that the ideas to which we give witness root themselves, first in the teaching of the New Testament, and secondly in the soul's experience of Christ."

His spirit is unconquerable and his optimism is grounded in God. He flings the banner of religious liberty full before the breeze and proudly scorns toleration as intolerance.

Dr. Clifford has become the incarnate protest against ecclesiastical tyranny. He is hated and feared by all lovers of priest-craft. He has caught with all his might the Baptist message and he sounds it out before all the world. He is born of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He is not a rich man, but he keeps a hospitable home, as his friends know. But the sheriff may come and keep on coming till he has robbed his home of all its treasures before this lion will cease his roaring. He

will conquer or die in this war, for it is the fight for God and for man. The rights of the spirit of man have a magnificent exponent in John Clifford, the man who has done more than any one else to rescue modern England from the grip of Rome. Rome is still on the rates, but Rome will soon be off the rates and will stay off.

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LAYING FOUNDATIONS IN MODERN MEXICO.

John O. Westrup was the first missionary employed in Mexico by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and in 1880, a few months after he began his labors, he was murdered by fanatical Mexicans and Indians near Progresso, Coahuila.

Elder James Hickey, a faithful Baptist minister, was the first person to preach the Gospel and establish churches on Mexican soil. As Carey was the Apostle of India, Judson of Burmah, Morrison of China, Schmidt of Africa, Hickey was of Mexico.

He was born in Ireland and was a staunch Romanist. He married a godly Baptist woman, and through her efforts he was converted and began to preach in Limerick, Ireland. His wife died and he came to the United States and lived awhile in Missouri and then went to Texas. Rev. W. D. Johnson, who laid the foundation for Baptist work southwest of San Antonio, was converted by him.

In 1861 he was forced to leave West Texas because of his abolition sentiments and take refuge in Mexico. He fled from one war to become an active participant in another war, between truth and error, which was far more important.

He began his labors in Matamoros. The first Bibles he attempted to carry into Mexico were burned in the Custom House in his presence. I knew well the man who burned them. He was my neighbor in Saltillo. Elder Hickey was told that "Mexico will not have this damnable book on her soil." The first Bibles he used were carried to him by the smugglers. Bibles now go to Mexico by the car load.

In 1862 he was invited by the Westrups, an honorable English family living in Monterrey, to visit that city. He began to preach and the Romanists kindled the fires of persecution. They could not hold two services consecutively in the same house for fear of being murdered by the infuriated mobs, who rode through the streets with lariats in their hands to hang them. The Westrups and Urangas were converted and on January 30th, 1864, the First Baptist church of Monterrey was organized. This was the first evangelical church established in our sister republic.

T. M. and John O. Westrup were ordained as ministers by Brother Hickey. He established churches in Cadareita, Montemorelos, Santa Rosa and other points. A group of fanatics in Cadareita determined to waylay and murder him as he returned to Monterrey. The Irish are not accustomed to travel on horseback and so he lost his way and did not pass his assassins. Not to be outdone they went on to Monterrey, found where he would preach that night and secreted themselves nearby, resolved to stab him to death. But the leader

was deeply convicted under the sermon and went weeping to confess his intentions to Brother Hickey. The little congregation prayed with him and he was happily converted and for more than forty years he was an honored deacon, in whose home I have spent many a happy hour.

Brother Hickey was pious, incessant in labors and endured hardness as a good soldier. He died December 6, 1866 in Matamoros and his body sleeps in Brownsville, Texas.

The Westrups caught the zeal and abnegation of their leader and carried forward the work amidst fiery trials and unrelenting persecutions. No one would give employment to a Baptist. Families were rent asunder. One's enemies were those of his own house.

In 1860 we heard in Texas of the open door in Mexico. Through the labors of Jaurez, Porfirio Diaz, Bernardo Reyes, Madero and others, the power of Romanism had been overthrown. Church and state were separated, the convents had been closed as "dens of iniquity" and the inmates banished as "pernicious characters." Texas Baptists agreed to be responsible for the salary of John O. Westrup, if the Foreign Board would appoint him. He labored in Coahuila. He sent glorious reports of conversions, baptisms and the organization of churches at Musquiz, Progresso and other points—then there was an ominous silence. There were no railroads nor even telegraph lines at that time from Texas to Mexico. The border on either side of the

Rio Grande was infested with robbers, cut-throat Americans and Mexicans and wild Indians.

Word came to us in December that John O. Westrup had been murdered. At the suggestion of brethren in Texas I hired two men and went to ascertain the true facts, and my father took his trusty rifle and went with us. It was a long, tedious, dangerous trip after we passed beyond the suburbs of San Antonio. One of us had always to be on guard at night while the other three slept. There were but few houses from San Antonio to Ladero, an insignificant town without any railway connection.

We had several stirring adventures in Mexico. Several nights we did not sleep because we could see men prowling around our camp. One night four Americans camped in sight of us and neglected to stand guard, and the next morning two were dead and another was dying. In Lampazos, Mexico, we found many of those baptized by Brother Westrup. Some of them said, "God has sent you in answer to our prayers for some one to take up Brother Westrup's work." I went to the scene of the murder, looked on Westrup's new grave and prayed the Lord to give us Mexico for Christ. I found that one Saturday Brother Westrup had been overtaken while partaking of his noon-day lunch on the road to Mosquiz near Progresso. He was killed and stripped of his clothing and his body was mutilated and pitched upon a "Spanish dagger" (A Yucca Palm tree) and left there. A Mexican brother who accompanied him was also

killed. I found a piece of his day book, stained with his own blood, telling of at least seventy-five people who had been converted and baptized. I was profoundly impressed with the zeal and Scripture knowledge of the young converts. Several of them could quote chapter after chapter of the Old and New Testaments. All of them were witnesses for Christ.

I visited Westrup's widow and his orphan children, who were afterwards taken to Buckner's Orphans' Home in Texas and educated.

The brother-in-law of Brother Westrup, Alejandro Trevino is no doubt our leading Mexican minister today, and two of his nephews are useful ministers. Porfirio Rodriguez, co-laborer with our martyr, helped me establish the work in Saltillo. Alejandro Trevino worked for years with me. We made long journeys together across the mountains and deserts. Our lives were often threatened. I saw plainly what our martyr and those who had gone before me endured for the Gospel.

One of the happiest days of my life was when I baptized fifty-seven people in San Rafael river one Sunday, and Brother Trevino and I organized a Baptist church, of which he became the honored pastor. It was here that Mrs. Duggan laid the scene of that interesting book, "A Mexican Ranch."

Leaving there accompanied by a few brethren I went to San Pablo to preach. After a sermon in a private house I knelt to pray and a bandit slipped up to stab

me when deacon Chavez providentially looked up and thrust out his arm and saved my life. The next day we were waylaid as we went to Cienega del Toro, but the Lord delivered us.

A man came to the house where I was stopping at Cienega, pistol in hand, to kill me but I took a Catholic New Testament and showed him that we were right, and he was ever after a true friend.

At Rayones, as I was about to baptize a young man, his brother rushed up saying that if the brother was baptized, he would kill us both. I asked the candidate what he wanted to do. He replied that he wanted to obey Christ. I started down into the water and the infuriated brother started to make good his threat, when others disarmed him.

That night he came to the services to shoot me, but Brother Chavez stood before me to shield me while I preached. The Lord convicted him of sin before we concluded the services and he hid his pistol, begged my forgiveness and offered himself for baptism. He died four weeks later, happy in the Savior's love.

In a meeting held in Montemorelos in recent years, by the brother-in-law of our martyr, a man who years before had been a noted bandit, came before the church with his entire family asking to be received as candidates for baptism. He related a remarkable experience. He said, "Twenty years or more ago I was in Rayones and there was a Baptist minister there named Powell. He was to leave the next morning for Galeana. He had

baptized a number of people through all that region and was organizing churches and I determined to follow him and kill him. When I overtook him he and his companion Charez began to talk to me about my soul, gave me a New Testament and made me promise to come and hear him preach that night. I did so and was deeply stirred about my soul. I came home, read the New Testament and have read it in my family and prayed regularly to God for years and have realized the forgiveness of my sins; but I had lived such an outrageous life that I have never had the courage, until now, to come and tell you what the Lord has done for my soul, and to ask you to receive me and my family on our experience of grace as candidates for baptism." When this was told me by Brother Trevino, I remembered well the occasion and the earnest talk we had on the natural bridge where he had intended to murder us. If I had not witnessed for Christ I would certainly have been killed. Twenty-eight people were murdered along that route that year.

In 1882, soon after establishing my residence at Saltillo, I saw the need for a female school, and interested Governor Madero, grandfather of the revolutionist who has recently overthrown the power of President Diaz. The school bears the name of Madero Institute. The interest of Governor Madero in this work, and the help he extended toward it very much infuriated the Catholics. On one Sabbath afternoon I heard hundreds of them coming down the street, crying death to me

and Governor Madero. But for the timely arrival of Dr. R. H. L. Bibb, who stationed himself at my door, my entire family would no doubt have been exterminated. When we started to erect a meeting house in Saltillo, the priests and fanatics declared it should never be built. They went to the governor and tried to persuade him to hinder us. He said to the two priests, "If a hair of this man's head is hurt, I will hang you both." The governor compelled me to keep a telephone in my sleeping room for more than a year, saying that they were liable to try to murder me at any time and if I could hold them at bay until he could get to me that he would teach them a lesson in regard to religious liberty.

While preaching in the new church at Saltillo one night I saw three young men who had evidently heard for the first time the story of Christ's dying love. I hurried down and greeted them and they told me that in their country the priests forbade their reading the Bible, saying that it was the meanest book on earth. They said they thought that what they had heard that night was the best reading they had ever heard and that they had never heard such good things as God's love for sinful men, and that the song "Jesus Saves" was so sweet that they did wish their mother and father could hear it. It was arranged that I should go in a few weeks to their home. In doing so I had to swim my bronco through a swollen stream and I reached there in wet clothes. The house, like nearly all Mexican houses, was

built of adobe (sun dried brick), with a flat roof and an open court like the one where Peter stood when he denied his Lord. The rooms had large door shutters, but no windows. I was taken into a room where there was a bed and table and two chairs. The father and mother and Manuel, who had accompanied me, assembled in the patio or open court and engaged in an earnest conversation. Sixty people were murdered while the Gospel was being established in Mexico and some were killed not very far from this ranch. From the earnest manner of their conversation, I felt assured that the people had threatened that if I preached they would kill me and kill the family and end the whole business, and after all I was to be defeated in my mission. I never prayed more earnestly for divine help. Finally the old mother came into the room with some clothes on her arm, saying, "Senor, you must remove the wet clothes or you will die of pneumonia."

"The people are already beginning to assemble in the sala, and I believe that everyone in this community is coming to hear you preach." By this time she was near the door. Just as she was about ready to close it she said, "Senor, I am mortified about these clothes. I think they will be all right as far as they go, but, oh! I am so afraid they will not go far enough." With this she closed the door and departed. Mexicans are small of stature and they could find no clothing large enough. I had soon removed my clothing and put on the under garments and began the task of adjusting

the outer ones. The pants were yellow and made to fit skin tight. With the greatest difficulty, I forced them on and with still greater difficulty was I able to fasten them. Then I put on the green and white striped vest, and when I had buttoned it up I found that there was about twenty minutes' recess between the bottom of the vest and the top of the pantaloons, which was like church members who had fallen out, and I could not get them to meet. I put on the white blouse, the sleeves of which came just below my elbow and the tail of it came nearly to the waist band of my pantaloons. Then I sat down, very cautiously, to put on my shoes and hose, when I discovered that country folks in that region do not use hose. The shoes were yellow gaiters with heels fully six inches high and with points after the pattern of a tooth pick. They were entirely too small, but after an earnest effort I succeeded in getting them on and to my horror discovered about eight inches of white uncovered space between the pantaloons and shoes. I am sure that I looked more like a clown than a preacher.

I hurried across to where the people were assembled. Mexicans, as a race, are very polite, but my ridiculous garb was more than they could stand. They broke out into laughter and the longer I stood there the worse the situation grew. The old folks rushed out and brought in the dining room table, placing it in front of me and Manuel covered it over with a bed blanket, which he draped over the side. They wished

to hide all of me that was possible. One would have thought this ridiculous garb would have destroyed all seriousness for the evening. The room was filled to suffocation. I read the Scripture, prayed and sang the song "Jesus Saves." I took as my text, John 3:16, and I had what the old fathers called liberty. In a few moments I had forgotten all about the clothing as did the people also. Conviction of sin came to their hearts. While I was yet preaching, the old father stood up and said, "Lo veo, lo veo, lo veo," "I see it, I see it, I see it," and then and there publicly confessed Christ. Before we closed the services, twenty-three people had confessed a hope in Christ. Two of those boys are today leading Baptist ministers and have been eminently successful as soul winners.

Today in Mexico, our martyr rests from his labors, but the principles for which he wrought and died have permeated every corner of the Aztec land, both in the Jacal of the peon regions, and as well in the palace of recent governors and of the president to be. Priest-craft, superstition and paganism are gradually yielding before the presence and power of New Testament truth. The morning dawns, the darkness disappears.

W. D. Powell, D.D.,
Louisville, Ky.

PABLO BESSON.

PABLO BESSON: APOSTLE OF ARGENTINA.

Attendants of the Baptist World Alliance in Philadelphia will recall the banner-like placards, which marked the places assigned in the great auditorium to the groups of messengers from various foreign countries. Among these up-lifted national banners appeared one bearing the name "Argentina," beneath which sat the lone representative from that far away southern land. Having seen him once, one could not afterward fail to pick him out from the vast throng. Among that great gathering of Baptist peers from all parts of the world was no more interesting character than Rev. Paul Besson, or Don Pablo (as he is familiarly and affectionately called by his own people), the Baptist pioneer and hero of Argentina. His massive, bald head, roofed around the edges with silky iron-gray hair, his heavy brows, his deep-set, piercing eyes, his kindly but stern bewhiskered face, marked him out as a man of deep thought, rich experience, and high purpose. He is a Baptist who has followed unflinchingly the logic of the Baptist position, having spoken of himself as, "This contradictor accustomed to obey the word of God."

By birth he is Swiss. Descended from an old burgess family of Neuchatel, he was born on the 4th of April,

1848, in the village of Nods, where his father labored as evangelical pastor for twenty-five years. His mother, Elisa Revel, came of Waldensian stock. In writing of his mother, Don Pablo says, "To her inheritance of liveliness, of pedagogic talent, and of the way to gesticulate, the son is debtor." To those who ever heard him preach, or engaged with him in spirited conversation, or saw his enthusiastic hand-clapping in approval of some choice utterance at the World Alliance this reference to his inheritance of "gesticulation" comes with striking force and significance.

As a university student for the Presbyterian ministry he had a distinguished career, having studied in the Latin College of Neuchatel, at Stuttgart, in the University of Basel, and the University of Leipsig. Among his instructors may be mentioned the great Hebrew scholar, Bovet, the famous philosopher, Secretan, and Dr. Frederic Godet, whose commentary on the Gospel of John is an acknowledged masterpiece of exegesis. This last named illustrious professor has exerted a great influence over his methods of thought and interpretation. As a young Presbyterian minister he took an active part in the fight for the disestablishment of the church in Switzerland. He was one of the twenty-five pastors who, with Godet, separated from the State Church to found the Free Church of Neuchatel, but his fidelity to the New Testament and to liberty of conscience carried him farther than his allies dared to go.

After serving for some time as pastor in Switzer-

land, he went to France during the troublous times of the Franco-Prussian War, where he preached for several years. His spiritual zeal and evangelistic aggressiveness were more than some of his staid parishioners desired and involved him in various conflicts with the Church authorities, and brought him into trouble with the civil authorities likewise. On one occasion for publicly giving out religious tracts and preaching in public places he was confined for three days in a narrow dungeon with thieves and murderers, and condemned by the courts to pay one hundred francs and cost. This opposition only served to quicken his desire for full religious liberty and drove him closer to the teachings of the Word of God.

In Lyons he met a Baptist missionary and soon came to realize that the Baptist position was the one toward which he had been struggling for several years, and was baptized by Mr. I. B. Cretin, father-in-law of Mr. R. Saillens, present pastor of our Baptist Church of Paris. Of course his baptism cost him his pastorate, his position, and most of his friends. His father disinherited him, and lonely and poor he had to start life afresh. His mother wrote him, "You will be a wanderer in the world without friends, and will be called a Baptist!"

For six years in the midst of discouragement and hostilities he preached in France, part of the time as evangelist and part of the time as pastor. Some of the members of his little church emigrated to Argentina, and, finding themselves without a pastor in a hostile

and uncongenial environment, they wrote back to France pleading that a pastor be sent to them. No one was found to volunteer. Then Besson, with his characteristic keenness of intellect, argured to himself that it would be easier to find a successor for him in France than to secure a pastor to go to the little flock in Argentina. His decision was made and he went. He had no missionary societies at his back, no salary promised, and no private income. From far away Argentina he heard the cry, "Come over and help us," and he was not disobedient to the summons. Centuries ago another man who had fought his way through trial, sacrifice and persecution, to the Baptist position, had heard the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," and forthwith he entered the Continent of Europe to plant the Baptist seed and unfurl the Baptist banner. Here now in these later times was another man named Paul who heard the far-off cry for help and came. God had opened a door in South America and Paul (Pablo) Besson came. Thus from continent to continent God and his heroes are marching on!

He traveled as a steerage passenger among the emigrants. On arrival he put up at the Immigrant's Hotel, and until this day he delights to describe the shocked look of a prominent man in Montevideo, to whom he carried letters of introduction and who showed him great kindness, when in answer to his question at what hotel he was staying, Besson replied without a blush, "At the Immigrants' Hotel!"

Arriving at Esperanza Santa Fe he soon became pastor of the faithful little flock. Then came years of struggle and hardship. His aged father having relented now gave him financial support. This enabled him to go forward with his work as missionary pastor. Soon he became the champion and protector of his little congregation. He counseled with them, encouraged them, and helped them in their business, often saving them from oppression. Above all he stood up for their religious rights, taking it as his special mission to secure religious liberty in the new country.

Before many months this Baptist preacher and his church found themselves confronting a great difficulty, which also involved the government in a dilemma and the Roman Catholic priests in a fury. This difficulty arose out of conditions for which the Catholics were responsible. In order to advance Romish interests in the land, a papal decree had gone forth that only Christian children could inherit the property of their parents. This meant that only those who could present a baptismal certificate, issued by the Catholic Church, had any legal rights. Later this law was modified to suit the Protestants whose baptismal certificates were eventually given legal recognition. This law proved equally satisfactory to Catholics and Protestants, or Pedo-Baptists; but the coming of the Baptists (as is always the case) gave a new complexion to the situation, since for conscience' sake Baptists could issue no baptismal certificates to children, except to such as had voluntarily confessed

their faith in Christ and had been baptized. Hence the children of Baptists who had not been baptized had no legal rights—the only proof of their birth being their existence. They were put into the same category as unrecognized, illegitimate children. The fires of religious liberty in the soul of this man, who had set out to follow relentlessly the logic of Baptist principles, began to blaze, and Mr. Besson took up the matter vigorously. The columns of La Prensa, the greatest paper published in South America, were opened to him, and this Baptist preacher won a victory.

His articles in La Prensa were widely read and commented upon as he made his strong pleas for the civil registry of births, in order to secure the rights of Baptists. He pressed his cause, even petitioning the national congress, and going before the Committee of Senators to present his case. Being unable to find another solution of the problem, congress yielded to his request. Mr. Besson's place as a writer on subjects relating to religious and civic questions was now secure, so that the Argentine people began to find out something about the Baptists and what they stand for. The unyielding hero won his way against Jesuitical opposition and prejudice, and the civil registry was created because the Swiss Baptists with their leader forced the hands of the government.

Our Baptist preacher's next contest was an effort to secure civil marriage. The only marriage considered as valid was that solemnized by the Roman Catholic

Church. Although a concession had been granted with some reluctance to certain Protestant churches, these were looked upon as the official or state churches of Scotland, England, Germany and the United States, and on this ground the marriages celebrated were recognized as valid. This privilege, however, was limited in that it was not granted to all non-Catholics, nor, in fact, was it desired by all. Being a Baptist, and nothing but a Baptist, Mr. Besson could not for one moment think of attempting to pose as the representative of any sort of state church. He and his people would recognize no ecclesiastical monopoly of the right to marry. They desired no special privileges, but they did demand equality and raised their plea for civil marriage.

The issue was brought to a point in 1887 when a young Baptist couple, who were planning to be married, presented, at the suggestion of Pastor Besson, a petition to the minister of justice asking that he would authorize them to celebrate their marriage by the civil registrar. In their petition they said, "Although our pastor, the Rev. Paul Besson, is minister of our religion, this does not include the privilege of being an official of the civil state, and therefore he is not authorized to celebrate the contract nor to make out the act, a copy of which must be sent to the civil registry office. Thus we are deprived of that law." A gentleman high in official circles became interested in the matter, after he had been interviewed by Mr. Besson, and wrote: "The constitution

guarantees the fullest liberty of conscience to all men in the world who wish to live on Argentine soil. It does not oblige anyone to profess a positive religion, or to profess any. For that reason the law should have foreseen the situation in which the settlers referred to are placed, and who find themselves unable to form a family, which is the first of all rights that the constitution accords equally to all." In the meantime, the invincible Mr. Besson was writing for the columns of La Prensa The betrothed couple had to wait awhile, but, after some long debates in congress, their petition was granted and civil marriage was declared a law. Thus at the pen-point in the hand of a Baptist preacher, sustained by the sturdy conviction of his Baptist people, another victory was won; another privilege was wrested from the Church of Rome; another act of justice was done to those in whom conscience was a living force. Baptist principles in action were working revolutions in Argentina.

Still another achievement was that of opening the cemeteries for burying of Protestants. For a time the roadway or back yard was the only burying ground for Baptists because permission to bury their dead in the Roman Catholic cemeteries had been refused. Finally a municipal decree forbade the burying of the dead in the back yards or along the highway, so when death entered a Baptist home the bereaved family knew not what to do. The time had come for action. Pastor Besson cried out, "Your government will let us live in your country, but will not let us die here and be buried." He told the

authorities that he would defy their decree, and a funeral was held in a back yard. Pursued by the police officers, he succeeded in sending a telegram to the office of La Prensa and other papers in Buenos Aires informing them of the situation. Then he went to the office of the state governor where he was followed by the police who undertook to arrest him. "You would better leave him alone," said the governor. "This affair is going to raise a great disturbance;" and, turning to Mr. Besson, he said: "I will secure you a Protestant cemetery separate from the other." "I do not want a Protestant cemetery," answered the Baptist pastor. "It would only be called the 'cemetery of the accursed,' just as in other places. I demand equality. The burial of the dead should not be an ecclesiastical privilege; it is a civil duty. Take the cemetery key from the Catholic priest and give it to the municipal authorities. Let me enter the cemetery on the same footing as the priests. Nothing less than this will satisfy me. I make the demand." The Romanists raised great opposition but before a great while the Baptist again had his way, but not until he had pressed the matter to the point of fighting it out in the congress. Today a Protestant has the same rights as the Roman Catholic, the law recognizing no difference.

These are only some of the instances in which great reforms have been wrought in Argentina by the application of Baptist ideas. When the true history of the country shall have been written, it will be seen that the Baptists have led the vanguard of the struggle for re-

ligious liberty. As Mr. David Lloyd-George said of Dr. John Clifford, the man who is making England over in his own image, "He has a conscience without a crack in it, and when anything hits it, it sounds clear." So Pablo Besson, the man with a whole conscience, is giving Argentina a conscience, and in doing so is developing an atmosphere in which, through the years to come, Baptist principles will thrive and bear fruit. The Baptist conscience cannot make a compromise. It is invincible because God makes it keen.

During the early part of his long fight Mr. Besson stood alone. He was misunderstood by many of the other Protestants in the country who were ready to yield and make concessions, but he faithfully plowed his long, lonely furrow, heedless of criticism, and faithfully he sowed the good seed which are today ripening into abundant harvest.

From Santa Fe our hero moved to Buenos Aires, where he organized and built up a church, and largely at his own expense erected a neat house of worship, the first Baptist meeting-house in the republic.

Having toiled on for nearly a quarter of a century, in 1903, Mr. Besson welcomed the first missionaries sent to Argentina by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. In many ways he has given them aid and encouragement, and now that the weight of years rests heavily upon him, he delights to turn over his task to younger hands and hearts. Not one trace of jealousy does he show as he surrenders his work

to the new workers. But instead of this he deeds to the mission the house of worship which he erected, and in addition turns over to the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond, Va., large properties which he has accumulated through the years.

Mr. Besson is a diligent Bible student. His Greek Testament is his constant companion; in fact, in his devotional reading he uses the Hebrew and the Greek. He is a prolific writer both in the religious and secular press in Switzerland, France and Spain, as well as Argentina. Few days pass that he has not an article in one of the leading daily papers of Buenos Aires. He is in close touch with many of the university students in the capital city of the republic, and deals with them faithfully in the matter of their souls. He is on friendly terms with many prominent members of the national congress, and his articles and conversations have inspired and strengthened not a few brilliant speeches in that body. He is severe in his purposefulness, at times really fierce in his denunciations of injustice and error, yet in the presence of sorrow, distress or suffering, his heart is as tender as that of a mother with her child. Many touching stories might be told of his work among the broken and oppressed in the poverty-stricken districts of the great city of Buenos Aires. Into the lazarettos, through the alleys and crowded streets he goes, carrying comfort and help to the hopeless and despairing, giving of his means to relieve the suffering, and at the same time pointing them to the Savior of the lost.

Though not markedly evangelistic in his preaching, he is always evangelical. As a stickler for justification by faith he might be Luther himself.

A few years ago he married a noble Christian woman. Their happy and comfortable home in Buenos Aires is the refuge and resting place of missionaries and pastors.

At the Baptist World Alliance in Philadelphia he represented the little, struggling, emergent Baptist bands of his adopted land. Cultured, genial, and marked with the tracings of many years of toil, he was a picturesque figure among that great gathering of thinkers, workers, and heroes.

It was a delight to those who met him to do him honor. For many years he has stood for the truth and has not been ashamed nor afraid to declare his principles and deliver his message. Under God he has written a fresh chapter of Baptist history and demonstrated that the Baptist conscience, in asserting itself, not only wins its own right, but opens the way through which many others can enter into a larger liberty.

S. J. Porter, D.D.,

San Antonio, Texas.

JOSE BARRETTO, BRAZIL.

It was a splendid reception committee which greeted Missionary Ginsburg and myself when we alighted from our train at Santo Antonio in the interior of Brazil. There were, perhaps, a hundred people waiting for us and they gave us a most hearty welcome. We greeted each other according to Brazilian fashion, which meant that we not only shook hands, but embraced.

After we had finished the greetings, a great, strong man, more than six feet in height and weighing perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, lined the party up two and two and marched us down through the city to the very excellent church building. His purpose evidently was to show us off and to make some impression upon the opposers who had so often persecuted the little Baptist group. Finally we reached the church which made a very picturesque appearance, covered over as it is with a coating of blue calcimine and the doors and windows draped in beautiful Brazilian lace curtains. It was rather a picturesque building for a church and yet it appeared to be in perfect keeping with its surroundings.

As we entered the church door, there stood grouped about it a number of young people with trays in their hands filled with rose petals and confetti, all of which

they poured over us in great profusion. The floor of the building was also strewn with oleander and cinnamon leaves. These floral demonstrations gave beautiful utterance to the joy with which these dear friends greeted us. After we had prayed with the people, I learned that we were to go to the home of the good brother who had appeared as the leader of the group at the station. We marched out of the house and practically the entire company of us trudged down through the middle of the street several squares to the home of Jose Barretto.

Now this same Jose Barretto is a very remarkable character. Formerly he was the political boss of the community. The political boss is a man of unusual power in Brazil. We have no duplicate of him in the political life of our country. So great is his influence with the authorities that he has practically the power of life and death over the entire population. Often he is a very desperate man and terrorizes the community in which he lives. Such a man was Jose Barretto. If there was any political trickery to be indulged in, it was Jose who was called on to undertake it. If it was found necessary to steal ballots to change any election, Jose would go to the polls, take possession of the ballot box, extract from it the necessary number of votes to change the election, seal up the box and allow the count to be made. He said that he did not steal the votes. He just took them. No one dared resist him so violent was he in his methods. The numerous scars on his face bore eloquent

testimony to the fact that he had been in many desperate encounters.

He was just as violent in his opposition to Protestantism. He declared that if any Protestant should ever enter his home, he would beat him to death. Late one evening there came to his door his brother-in-law, who was blind. After a while Jose and his wife were commiserating the brother over his blindness when the brother remarked quietly, "Well, I may not be able to see the light of day, but in my heart I am able to see the face of Jesus Christ." The sister exclaimed, "Oh, you must be a Protestant!" The brother replied, "Yes, thank God, I do know Jesus Christ as my Savior." Immediately the sister fell upon the floor in a faint. She had visions of her great, strong husband pouncing upon her weak brother and possibly doing him bodily injury. The husband did his best to resuscitate her and comforted her by saying, "I know I have said these harsh things about the Protestants, but I would not strike your brother and I hope I am not mean enough to strike a blind man, anyway."

After a while bedtime came on and the brother requested the sister to read a passage of Scripture and allow him to lead in prayer. They did not own a Bible, so presently the sister found a book of Bible stories, from which she read a story and all knelt in prayer. Jose told me that the brother-in-law said the things his heart craved to have said so well and gave such voice to cries which sounded in his own soul, that when the

brother came to the end, Jose said "amen," very earnestly.

He became deeply interested in the Gospel and the brother instructed him as far as he could in the way of life. The brother went into Santo Antonio, which is a few miles away. Jose at the time was living in the country at the Manganese mines of which he was the superintendent. He told the president of the B. Y. P. U. in Santo Antonio of what had occurred in the home of Jose Barretto and encouraged him to go out and instruct Jose in the Gospel. The president declared he would gladly do so. He acknowledged that he had been afraid to approach Jose on the subject of religion before this time, so violent was Jose in his opposition to the Gospel. The president hastened out into the coutry to meet the seeker after light. When he came into the office of the Manganese Mining Co., he found Jose seated at his desk poring over the pages of a book. It was a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

He had come into possession of this Bible in the following way: One day there entered his office one of his employees who had bought a Bible from a colporter. Jose had taken it and looking through it and finding no saint's pictures in it concluded it must be that hated Protestant Bible, the circulation of which the priests were endeavoring so strenuously to prevent. He threw the book into a box in the corner of his office where since that day it had remained covered in the rubbish and dirt.

But when the Spirit seized hold of Jose's heart, he had a great yearning to know what that book had to say. He fished it out of the box, brushed the dust reverently from its pages and when the president of the B. Y. P. U. arrived was earnestly seeking to find the message it had for his soul. It did not take the B. Y. P. U. president long to lead this earnest seeker into the light. He explained to him the Word of God, laid along side of it his own experience of Jesus Christ and soon Jose found peace in believing.

He became a living, flaming fire for the Gospel in his community. All of the energy which he had thrown into his wicked ways in the days of his sinfulness, he now threw into his endeavor to serve the Lord. Wherever a house opened he entered to preach the Gospel. He bore testimony to the saving grace of Christ on the street. He carried his Bible with him constantly which he read and explained to others and has become a mighty soul winner in his community.

The effect of his living upon the community has been tremendous. On the day we visited Santo Antonio, we received an invitation from twenty-three people out in the country some distance away, begging us to come that the witness Jose had borne for his Lord had led out and baptize them. They wanted, they said, to confess Christ and organize themselves into a church. They were the relatives of Jose Barretto and testified to the fact them to seek the same Savior. They wanted as their

Savior the one who could produce such wonderful changes in the life of Jose Barretto.

That night we had a great service in the church. Jose was the chief usher. I have never seen a man who could crowd more people into a room than could he. No available space was left for Jose sandwiched the people into the room until we had hardly room to stand, and after this splendid piece of work was over we could see that practically as many people were on the outside. We preached the Gospel as simply as we knew how and after we had finished we asked if any persons wanted to make confession. (I say "we," because it required more than one of us, to enable me to preach. I spoke in English and Ginsburg interpreted what I had to say into Portuguese.) The people rose all over the house and then began a most remarkable examination. Many questions would be asked every candidate, searching motives and seeking to find out whether the people understood what they were doing. When we had finished late in the night we had received for baptism between twenty and thirty people. I had noticed that when a man in a soldier's uniform had stood near the door to make confession, Jose Barretto became very much agitated. I discovered that this man was Jose's confederate in all his former wickedness. He bore testimony that night that the change which had taken place in his old companion had forced him to realize that the Savior of Jose Barretto was able to save even the worst, and so he had come to the feet of the same Lord. It was a won-

derful service in every way. The power of the Gospel was mighty upon us and the testimony of this one man's life had in a large way, made it possible to accomplish what was accomplished that evening.

While we were in Jose's home, we talked much with him concerning his experiences. He had been forced to suffer a great deal since he had accepted Christ. He had lost his position as superintendent of the mines because he had become a Protestant. At the present time he is making his living as a coffee merchant. In many ways the people seek to persecute him and try his patience.

He told us of an experience he had upon the day of our arrival in Santo Antonio. He had met an old school mate on the street that morning who had chided him for becoming a Protestant. He declared that Jose had shown great weakness and that he was ashamed of him. Jose replied; "You ought to be ashamed of yourself because you know what kind of a life I have lived in this community and how I have served the devil in the midst of this people. You know also that there has come into my life a great change. A religion that could produce such a change as that deserves no ridicule and you ought to be glad to see the change that has come over me. You ought to encourage me rather than try to provoke me." The man slunk away, but in the meantime there had gathered about them a number of people. They saw that Jose was in earnest colloquy with another man and in former days such a thing would have been a

serious matter. They had crowded around him and emboldened by the mildness of Jose's reply to his friend, the crowd began to ask questions. Finally one of them asked; "Suppose some one of us were to strike you in the face in persecution; you claim to be so mild now; what would you do?" Jose replied, "Well, I do not expect such a thing as that to happen. I intend to live such a life in this community that no one shall ever wish to strike me or molest me in any way."

And so it turns out that this man lays down before his community the challenge of his living. "See how I live," he says, "and then make your own conclusions about whether or not the faith which I profess in Christ is true."

T. B. Ray, D. D.,
Richmond, Va.

LOTT CAREY, A NEGRO HERO TO THE DARK CONTINENT.

To attempt to recount all the great martyrs and heroes who have sacrificed their lives upon the altar for the cause of foreign missions is futile, for one would have to begin with the apostles of old and come through every century down to the present day. Even now under the effulgent rays of the twentieth century these heroes, the greatest of the world's heroes, are still suffering martyrdom.

It must be conceded that most of those who have proved themselves to be heroes in the cause of missions in these latter days belong to the white race, but this will be understood and considered, favorably so, when we take into account the fact that the black and yellow races of the world furnish most of the pagans or heathen who are yet to be redeemed and brought to a knowledge of Jesus Christ.

In 1620 when the first African slaves were landed on American soil, a real missionary work was begun. It was not the intention of those who sold the African into slavery to be doing a work that would ultimately honor God, and would in the course of time by a reflex influence enter very materially into the redemption of

that dark continent from paganism; but such was His purpose, and that purpose was not slow in ripening. The African slave in America almost instantly imbibed the spirit of Christianity from his master, and the master almost as soon learned that Christianity was an essential element to instill into the slave, if the slave was to be profitable. It is by no means the object of this story in any way to justify slavery, but we would be very unjust to our own convictions if we did not say that many of the slave masters took special pains to see to it that their slaves were given the opportunity to attend religious services, even though the services were held in most cases under the guardful eye of the master or his representative.

Prior to the emancipation most of the slaves who had been converted held membership in the white churches, yet there were a few notable exceptions, for in the North and South there are some Negro Baptist churches more than a hundred years old. In the South, notably in Virginia and Georgia, there are today Negro churches (Baptist) which were organized during the eighteenth century, and in most cases the pastors of the Negro churches prior to the war were either white or under the guidance of white ministers, though the Negro ministers were allowed to preach or exhort to their own people.

The Baptist idea of the absolute freedom of the soul and the independent worship of God without the dictation of civil powers, had permeated the minds of the

slaves prior to the breaking out of the civil war, and had freedom not come when it did many of them would have sought it, and doubtless would have had many white Baptists in the South to lend them aid in that direction, for slavery cannot exist where Baptist principles prevail.

Some of the slave converts to the Christian religion professed to be called to the ministry and boldly proclaimed it. As remarkable as it may seem to some, the masters in most cases gladly gave liberty to such men to go from plantation to plantation for the purpose of preaching. If any doubt should be entertained on this matter, I would ask you to read Dr. Hatcher's book on John Jasper, and also the words of Jasper, himself, as to the liberty granted him by his master.

In 1780 there was born in Charles City, Va., one of the most remarkable characters of modern times. This was no other than Lott Carey, who was born a slave, but fortunately for him he belonged to that class of slave holders who believed it right for their slaves to be taught the benefits of the Christian religion. Lott Carey having been given the opportunity to hear the Gospel, which always reveals the incomprehensible love of God, for "faith comes by hearing," and having learned that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he at once surrendered to the will of the Holy Spirit and was converted at the age of twenty-seven years, joining the

First Baptist church (white) of Richmond, Va. Not long after his conversion, Carey made the fact known that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, and his church promptly gave him a commission to preach.

The desire which Carey had to preach the Gospel was so very great that he felt himself circumscribed by the bonds of slavery, hence he set about to obtain his freedom. He was an ordinary hand in a tobacco factory in Richmond, Va., but was allowed to put in extra time for which he was paid by his employer. He saved all the money earned in that way until he had sufficient funds to buy himself and his two children, his wife having been released from the bonds of slavery by death.

The education of Carey was, as might be expected under the conditions which existed at that time, very limited; but education does not consist altogether in a knowledge of books, hence Carey had a great store of knowledge which he had gained while a slave by contact with the aristocratic white people of his day and time, and this contact had broadened his vision of men and things to the extent that he could foresee what Christianity would do for a man or a nation.

Rev. Wm. Alexander, the secretary of the Lott Carey Convention, from whom I get many of the facts of this story, in his report to that body in 1907, said of his education; "He attended night school taught by a white man, a friend to the race. Carey was the best student in his class, and soon won the reputation of an educated Negro." Like Nehemiah, who, though doing well as a

servant in the house of a king could not repress the sorrow of his heart for his people, who had escaped the captivity, so Carey's heart, after he had gained his freedom, went out to his brethren in far away Africa.

The one Scripture which lingered longest in his mind, and from which he could get no permanent relief, was that recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew, nineteenth and twentieth verses, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: * * * lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world, Amen." This scripture haunted him until he made his desire known to his church, that he must go to Africa to preach the Gospel. He was given the privilege of coming before the church, and he preached his farewell sermon to a congregation of white and colored people. Carey used as his text on the occasion of his farewell sermon, these words: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."—Romans 8:32.

It is said that the impression created by that sermon was so deep and lasting that many of the people who were in the congregation set about from that hour to form a foreign missionary society among his own people for the specific purpose of giving the Gospel to the millions of heathen in Africa. The date of the organization of the society is 1815; its first work was to raise money to send Carey to Africa.

In pursuance with his set purpose to go to Africa to

preach the Gospel to his brethren on the dark continent, he set sail on the twenty-third day of January, 1821, and after a forty days' voyage landed safely in Liberia. Having reached the place where his soul had longed for, he at once set about hoisting the banner of the cross, and in a short time he got together a sufficient number of persons who had been led to accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and organized a Baptist church which stands as a monument to his great name as a pioneer missionary to the people of the dark continent.

As slow as has been the development of that country, the seed sown by Carey has kept pace with the growth of the republic, and many Baptist churches are there today as a result of that seed sowing.

The ninety years that intervened between the time of the sailing of Lott Carey and the present time, have not caused the Negro Baptists of this country to forget the perilous undertaking of this great missionary hero, and they have in honor of his name and work, organized an active missionary society, known as the Lott Carey Convention, auxiliary to the National Baptist Convention, the headquarters of which is in the "Old Dominion" from whence Carey went.

It is said by some that the cross follows the flag, but to the writer it seems that the flag follows the cross. Lott Carey, believing that Christianity and civil government are inseparable in the development of any country and that to promote the welfare of Christianity the civil authorities must be sustained, made himself interested in

the government of Liberia, doing what he could to instill into the minds of the Liberian people his crude ideas of a democratic form of government so characteristic of the Baptists. As to how well these ideas took with the Liberian people will be seen from the fact that he was for a time an important official of the government.

Owing to the fact that the Negro people have been unable to keep an accurate account of the doings of the race during the days of slavery, much of the heroic deeds of these people have been lost, and yet there is much which is still passing in a traditional way to warrant the assertion that many devout, pious and far-seeing Christians were among the slaves prior to the Civil War. Lott Carey will ever stand forth as one of the heroes of his race, whose love for the cause of Jesus Christ not only caused him to secure his freedom, but to brave the stormy Atlantic that he might plant the banner of the cross on the continent of Africa, his fatherland.

In the days to come the historians will place along side the names of Wm. Carey, Judson and other great missionary heroes, the name of Lott Carey, the first Negro foreign missionary to the long neglected, pagan-ridden, dark continent, Africa.

In giving an estimate of the remarkable subject of this sketch, the fact should not be overlooked that his early days were spent in slavery, and that he did not have behind him a long line of cultured and refined ancestry, but that he rose out of the school of experience, quickened by the Spirit of God. What he learned from

contact with the Christian white people of his section combined to say to him; "Go, swift messenger, go, and tell the people of your race on the other side of the Atlantic the simple story of the cross."

We have no reliable data of the date of his death, but he died at his post after several years of earnest labor, having lived long enough to "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." The work which he planted still lives and has borne much fruit, there being in Liberia at this time more than a score of active Baptist churches as a result of his planting. Besides these other churches have grown up which are the outgrowth of the efforts of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention.

Many precious lives have been sacrificed in the promulgation of the Gospel, almost upon the same ground where Carey commenced the work nearly a century ago. The missionaries under the Negro Foreign Mission Board have not all been free from persecution, for some of the native helpers now on the field have suffered imprisonment, but like Paul, have said, "none of these things move me;" "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed, saying, 'let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us,'" "He that sitteth in the Heaven shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

It is worthy of note that one other Negro Baptist hero went out from the South—Georgia. In the year

1783, the Negroes of the "Empire State" raised money and sent the Rev. George Lisle to the West Indies, where he planted the banner of the cross. As the result of his labors there are now in the West Indies thirty well organized Baptist churches.

E. C. Morris, D.D., Helena, Ark.
President of the National Baptist Convention.

TOUSSAINT L' OUVERTURE,

A HAITIAN MARTYR.

Since whoever gives his life in freeing the people in civic and religious affairs is "fundamentally a Baptist" it will not be fair to the coming generations who will read this book to fail to mention this great man of pure Negro blood, who through his ability to plan and to put his plan into execution is acknowledged to be one of the greatest generals the world has known. In discussing this great man we must bear in mind the fact that he lived at a time when duty to one's country and fellow man came first, but had the Baptist doctrine spread its pinions and traveled across the ocean to the beautiful island of Haiti during the time of his life, Toussaint L'Ouverture, I am sure, would have accepted its teachings and abided by its laws and regulations, for he was a lover of freedom and freedom's harvests.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, or Toussaint Breda, was born on the island of Haiti, May 20, 1743, of Negro parentage. It is said that not one drop of alien blood flowed through his veins. His father was the second son of an African chief who had been stolen from his father's home on the coast of Africa and sold into slavery on

the island. In youth the boy was very delicate, but as he grew older he became stronger. He is supposed to have been born at Breda and was of a very kind and generous disposition. While quite young he attained much favor with his master and was made overseer of his large plantation. By grasping every opportunity he obtained a good education. He was helped in this by his wife who was a widow and who did all in her power to help her husband in his search for knowledge.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution there were ten thousand Negroes on the Island of Haiti and almost as many mulattoes. There were French, English and Spaniards on the island also. The mulattoes growing tired of social discrimination began to clamor for equality, and the island was tense with excitement. After much treachery and political intrigue the antagonistic parties were unable to reach an agreement and both factions appealed to the Negroes of the island and there was a general uprising.

Toussaint L'Ouverture having obtained some knowledge of medicine and surgery went first among the soldiers as a physician, but his people were sadly in need of a leader, and he was soon called to the front to lead them. With his gift of guidance and leadership he was soon able to form out of this mass of untrained, undisciplined humanity (many of whom had never seen a soldier until France began to pour her troops into their little dominion) an army that was able to drive all before it and raise the flag of Negro supremacy over the

island with Toussaint L'Ouverture as ruler over its destiny. Under his rule Haiti was happy and prosperous. In May, 1801, he drafted a constitution for the country and submitted it to France. For a few years the dove of peace, happiness and prosperity hovered over this Pearl of the Seas, but Napoleon grew jealous of the freedom enjoyed by these Negroes and issued a mandate reducing the island to slavery, sending the French troops to carry out his orders.

Bribes were offered Toussaint L'Ouverture and many were the fair promises made to him if he would enslave the people of the island, but his great heart would not allow him to betray his brethren with whom he had fought side by side, many of whose eyes he had closed on the battlefield after they had laid down their lives on the altar to freedom, that goddess to whom all men pay obeisance. He had many letters in Napoleon's own handwriting offering him enormous wealth if he would enslave the people over whom he ruled, but back as far as 1801 it was proven to the world that a soul can live on this earth, housed in a body of ebony hue and not be guilty of treachery, or of mean or low trickery. Toussaint L'Ouverture demonstrated once for all that the color of a man's skin is not the index of his soul. He spurned the wily Frenchman's offer and threw as it were Napoleon's gold back into his face. But Napoleon had no disposition or inclination to discriminate between fair and foul means when either would carry out his end. If the former would not carry out his plans he

would without a tremor resort to the latter. By a piece of low treachery he fooled this Negro ruler aboard a ship, and Toussaint L'Ouverture, pure of soul and knowing nothing of trickery, did not realize his awful position, that he was the victim of a foul scheme, till the ship at the bidding of Napoleon weighed anchor and sailed for France, with himself a prisoner.

Once off the island all the indignities that were possible were heaped upon him. Napoleon had him placed in a dungeon near the boundary of Switzerland and France, and there he died of starvation, April 27, 1803.

It is hardly possible to do justice to this black genius of the eighteenth century. By many he is considered the greatest military genius the world has produced. The French gave to the world the great Napoleon, whose soul throbbed with the same amount of military genius that actuated Hannibal the Carthagenian, another great Negro general, who upon being informed that a great natural barrier lay between him and his desires, said, "There are no Alps," in his egotism ignoring one of the greatest and sublimest attestations of God's power. But we must remember at the age of twenty-four when the fires of a man's soul burn brightest and every sinew is throbbing with an over-exuberance of life, the well-trained Napoleon was placed at the head of the best army ever brought together on European soil. The English gave to history Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell had to make his army, it is true, but he had at his disposal all the solidity, courage and hardihood of the English combined

with the fire, valor and love of freedom of the Irish, and when he went forth to battle it was to conquer his equals. But Toussaint L'Ouverture by sheer force of ability arose from the depths and degradation of slavery and took his place as leader of his people. To him was given the double task of rising out of the mire of ignorance, superstition and vice, and then of reaching down to bring fifteen thousand of his own people up from the same degraded level he himself had left.

Yes, Oliver Cromwell made England's great army; Napoleon as the leader of the French is without a peer in history, but it was left to a Negro, born under the awful cloud of human slavery, rocked in the lap of treachery, vice and crime, nursed on the bottle of ignorance, to rise up and assume the leadership of a class of despicable human beings, called Negroes, degraded by years of servitude, and out of this mass of humanity to train an army that, to use some of the words of Macaulay, "Brought down the proudest blood of Europe, the Spanish, and sent them home conquered; met the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; outwitted the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, who sulked home to Jamaica."

Notwithstanding the cloud under which he was born with its heritage of ignorance, superstition and crime this man had the true essentials of religion. It is doubtful if he had the time during his military career to search the Scriptures, yet his was the spirit of the lowly Nazarene, for when he was parting with his son in that lonely

castle in the cold, bleak mountains, with nothing before him but days of dreary confinement and without even the necessities of life, he said to his son, "My boy, you will one day go back to San Domingo; forget that France murdered your father."

Here was a man who could weigh wealth on one side and duty to his fellow man on the other and not allow the gleam of the metal to change his conviction.

In this day of prejudice and narrowness, a hero with a black skin does not receive due recognition from the world; but the time will come when things will have changed, when God giving heed to the clamorings of this mass of black humanity will step out on the portals of glory and begin to bring order out of chaos, right out of wrong. Then will the minds of men be broadened; then the motto of the world will be; "Texture of soul, not color of skin." In that time when God in looking over the names of those who have done well, though many names will be on the list, He will not fail to note the hero leader, regardless of color. Then will He read out with the others and give honor to the name of Toussaint L' Ouverture, the Black General of Haiti.

R. H. Boyd, D.D.,
Nashville, Tenn.

KIN CHEOSS, AN INDIAN HERO.

Kin Cheoss was the name of a Waco Indian Medicine Man. He was born about the year of 1800. His childhood home was beside the beautiful Brazos, at the place where the city of Waco, Texas, now stands. This city took its name from the Indian tribe that once lived there. Kin Cheoss was a young brave when the white men first began to settle in the Brazos valley. The chief of the Wacoes at that time was the famous Red Tail, a noted warrior. When the white men began hunting on the hunting grounds of the Indians, and began killing the buffalo which the Indians regarded as their cattle, the Indians protested. So vigorous was the protest of Red Tail that the white people were compelled to treat with them. The treaty was brought about by the famous Sam Houston, and the treaty was signed by him. I have a copy of the treaty, which I copied from the original which was then in the possession of Coth Cho Tehat (Buffalo Good), the son and successor of Red Tail. That treaty recited that all hostilities should cease, and that a boundary line be established between the Wacoes and the white people, and that line should run north from the junction of the San Saba and the Cow House, to the Antelope Butts. The Indians adhered faithfully to the

treaty, but the white people violated it without conscience. The white settlers paid no attention to the line, but settled west of it, and continued to kill buffalo wherever they could find them. Then there arose trouble between the young braves and the settlers. Red Tail sent this message to Sam Houston: "If you will not keep your people from our side of the line, I cannot keep my people from killing your people." Thereupon General Sam Houston issued a proclamation warning the white people from breaking the treaty. But the warning did no good, and a war ensued. The Indians of course were driven back.

Kin Cheoss was from his boyhood a worshiper of the Great Spirit. He found this tradition among his people: In the long-ago ages there was a white man who came among them, called Corles (supposed to have been Cortez). He had a cross, and was afraid of it. He told the Indian fathers that a white man would one day come and tell them of the Great Spirit. And this was accepted as a prophecy. The Wacoes firmly believed it. But owing to the warfare between the Wacoes and the white people, it was hard to believe that the white people would ever come to them with anything good. But in his heart, Kin Cheoss hid all these things. Sometimes he would cry out in agony: "Come, O Great Spirit and tell us." One day a chief named Soda Arko returned from a trading trip to the Seminoles and told the story of how he had seen with his own eyes the promised Father-Talker, and that he had promised to

come to them in the spring. Kin Cheoss looked and longed for the promised time to come. He made medicine after the custom of his people, hoping to bring the white Father-Talker earlier.

One day, about the middle of June in 1877 there came a runner through the camp saying that the white Father-Talker had come and was then in Ketch Kaw's camp. All the Indians were stirred at the news. The next day the Father-Talker appeared together with a band of civilized Indians. Word quickly spread, and soon a vast concourse of Indians was gathered together. The Father-Talker announced that two days from that time he would talk to all the Indians at the hill, west of the ford on Sugar Creek. At nine o'clock of that morning, a vast congregation gathered. There was the stalwart John Jumper, John McIntosh, Hulbutta Harjo and Tulsa Micco. John Jumper, weighing three hundred pounds in his moccasins, first spoke, and his speech was interpreted by John McIntosh. He introduced the Father-Talker, saying what a blessing he was to his people. Then came the speech of the Father-Talker. He spoke all the rest of the day. He told the Gospel story. For the first time they heard it. Kin Cheoss pressed close and listened breathlessly.

He told of the wonderful Christ, of His miraculous birth, His benevolent life, and His sacrificial death. There crept into the heart of Kin Cheoss a great peace and a light brighter than the sun. At the close of his talk, the Father-Talker, invited any who might desire

to walk this road, to arise and then Kin Cheoss arose, and came forward with great swelling emotions in his heart. Then the Father-Talker said, "Let us pray to the great Father," and then the Indians all knelt, some of them falling flat on their faces. Kin Cheoss was among the latter. Close to him knelt the Father-Talker. He talked with the Great Spirit, to whom Kin Cheoss was near, and he felt rather than saw a great light. Then there fell on the heart of Kin Cheoss a glad peace and he was supremely happy. When they arose from their prostrate position, Kin Cheoss clasped the Father-Talker and lifted him bodily from his feet and carried him about while tears streamed down his face. That was the greatest day in the life of Kin Cheoss. He, with about a dozen others, was baptized by the preacher and John McIntosh in Sugar Creek and a new life was opened to him. He made medicine no longer to an unknown God. He went directly to Jesus who had given him supreme peace.

One act of his Christian life I will mention: When the persecutions of the Father-Talker came and he was ordered to leave immediately his field of labor by the government, Kin Cheoss came to his relief, and said he would take his horse and keep it for him while he was gone. Furthermore that he would watch his wife, who was ill and could not be moved, and that he would stand between her and all danger, and that his life would answer for hers. Her husband was absent about a month. During all this time Kin Cheoss was never

once in the house, but seemed to be omnipresent about the premises. She was out of meat, and meat and bread were the only articles of diet. Kin Cheoss found it out by some sort of alchemy, and one morning she saw him coming up the hill with a leg of venison, which he hung on a tree near the door. It was against the instructions of the government agent for the Indians to furnish white people anything. She was never again in want during her husband's absence. When he returned, Kin Cheoss was the first to see him, and coming forward with outstretched hands, he said, "There wife. I go."

When in later years the white Father-Talker was transferred to another field, the day he left Kin Cheoss came, and took him into a quiet place and said, mostly in the sign language, "You go, me stay; you live long, me soon lie down and get up no more. When me lie down and get up no more, Jesus come and take me to Him. Then me be very happy. But me watch for you come. By and by after long time, you lie down and get up no more. Then you come up and I see you come. Then I come and take you by hand, and lead you up to Jesus and say: 'Here Jesus, this is the Father-Talker that told me about You.'"

Then he embraced me and took his departure, and I saw his face no more.

This parting scene is made famous by having been published in the book of Major Powell, of Columbia College, and printed by the government, and kept in

the Smithsonian Institute as the best extant specimen of the sign language.

The Father-Talker desires to pay this grateful tribute to his friend: He was one of the most sincere and spiritually minded persons I have ever met. That he was a true child of God, I have never once stood in doubt. Long ago he departed. In the regions beyond he is watching and waiting.

A. J. Holt, D.D.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE MARTYR MARKS.

On an excessively cold night in December, 1872, I met an engagement to speak on education in the Baptist church at Chatham, Virginia. It was only a poor audience that braved the rigors of the night—possibly not more than forty or fifty persons in all. In the historical portion of my address I gave a brief account of that brave old spirit of colonial times, Rev. John Wetherford, whose dauntless spirit and fearless convictions got him into many serious troubles with the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of colonial times. He traveled far and wide in Southside Virginia and by his fiery eloquence he created great excitement. Scores and hundreds were converted under his preaching and in many cases he was obliged to administer baptism in the later hours of the night lest the enemies of his faith should pounce upon him and take him to jail.

For quite a long time Mr. Wetherford was confined in the colonial jail at Chesterfield, C. H., Va., but neither prison bars nor locks had terror for him. His brethren and admirers flocked on Sunday to the village and thronged the yard of the jail. Their loyalty and their eagerness to hear the Word stirred the heart of the courageous prisoner and he would lift the window and

thrust his hands through the bars that he might shake hands with his loyal friends. He would also preach through the window to the assemblage and often in the ardor of delivery would thrust his hands through the bars in earnest gesture. Men of the baser sort were instigated to stand on either side of the window and armed with knives would slash his hands in unpitying cruelty, until as it was said his hand would stream with blood as he spoke, and sometimes in his gesticulations forgetful of the wounds he would scatter his blood on his hearers or on the ground. This story I related somewhat in detail and much to the interest of the appreciative audience.

When I finished my address, I took my seat and a serious silence ensued. Presently a stocky old gentleman with white hair and a strong face came to his feet. I learned afterward that it was Dr. Wm. White, an eminent physician of that community, a pronounced Baptist and an eloquent speaker.

"My neighbors and friends," said the doctor in tones almost auspicious, "this visitor has told us strange things tonight, and of my own knowledge I cannot testify that many of the things that he has said are true for I never heard of them before, but I must at least thank the gentleman for explaining to me one thing which has been a puzzle and a confusion to me.

"It may not be known to all of you, though it is a fact, that Mr. John Wetherford, so graphically described by the speaker tonight, settled just eight miles

from this place after the Revolutionary War. He was one of God's mightiest men, a preacher of surpassing power and many of the churches in this section of Virginia were founded by his ministry. We are indebted to him in large measure for the strong Baptist sentiment now existing in this and adjacent counties.

"One morning I noticed that my father, dressed with unwonted care, was about to set off for a journey on horseback. When I asked him where he was going, he said with great seriousness, he was going to attend the funeral of the Rev. John Wetherford, one of the greatest preachers he had ever known. To my grateful surprise he consented that I might go with him. I was put astride the horse behind him. My astonishment knew no bounds when I reached the home of the old preacher. Never had I seen such an array of horses, carriages, wagons and other vehicles as fairly covered the earth. When I expressed my amazement at the sight, my father told me in accents serious and tender that the people had come from every direction to testify to the worth and honor of the good man.

"After the funeral exercises were concluded we were told that those who desired to do so would be allowed to take a last look at the dead. It was a moment of awe to me, for I had not seen the face of the dead before. I clasped tightly my father's hand and followed him as the line filed by the coffin. I was barely tall enough to look into the coffin. The hands of the veteran minister lay ungloved upon his breast with palms down-

ward. I noticed the stiff and bloodless look they had and saw white and rigid seams extending across the back of each hand. The fact impressed me at the time, but I kept silence and a thousand times I dare say I recalled those singular marks on the hands of the dead preacher, but never attempted to explain them. I thank my brother for bringing me tonight so simple and satisfactory a solution of a perplexity which for full sixty years has troubled my mind. They were the marks of the Lord Jesus—martyr marks of God's hero. Honor to his noble memory and to all who have suffered for the Kingdom of God. Our illustrious father Wetherford sleeps this winter night in a neglected grave—no granite shaft nor marble slab, nor enclosure, not even a flower, pays tribute to the memory of this good man. He not only suffered for us and for the principles which we cherish, but it was his tears and blood which gave us our place and prominence in Virginia tonight. If by my modest gift, a gift which must be small—for cruel war has lately ravished me of all my substance, I can do aught to honor the martyr spirit of John Wetherford and his co-laborers, I will account it a happy and honorable privilege to do so." Before taking his seat, the venerable doctor, who had set flame to every heart by his unconscious eloquence, named a sum that he would give to the memorial movement for education, so unexpectedly generous that it called forth speedy and unusual responses.

William E. Hatcher, D.D., Fork Union, Va.

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